THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 65. PUBLICATION OFFICE No. 726 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1885. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 2.

AFTER THE RAIN.

BY A. Y. R.

All day above the tired earth had lain,
Ruelens and gray, the funeral pall of cloud;
All day the sudden sweeps of chilling rain
Had broken, fitful, from the lowering shroud;
All day the dreary sobbing of the breeze
Had sounded sadly from the yellowing trees.

At once the wailing wind rose higher and higher,
Rousing the flash and foam on sullen sea;
And the great forest, like a giant lyre,
Echoed the keynote of the harmony:
It furled the clouds before it like a tent,
And, lo! the sunshine dazzled from the rent.

And all the wet world gladdened to the ray,
As tear-dimmed eyes gleam to a loving word;
Answering its call, out-laughed the weary day,
As a fond slave springs joyful to her lord,
Forgotten chill and darkness, doubt and fear,
"Absent, I droop—I joy, for thou art here!"

A PERILOUS GAME;

—OR,—

Her Mad Revenge.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKBY," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.—(CONTINUED.)

"GOOD-MORNING, my fair foe," he said, and would have raised her hand to his lips, but Floris withdrew it sharply, and with a haughty expansion of her gray eyes, left him.

She went to her own room and stood for a moment to still the throbbing of her heart before going to Lady Pendleton. Her face looked pale and anxious at her from the glass, for the interview had cost her more than she could have imagined.

Lord Norman little guessed how wildly the heart was beating under the proud, haughty face and with what a supreme effort she had maintained her inflexible resistance to his advances of friendship. All the while she had been coldly looking him down and uttering chilling responses, her inward desire had been to smile sweetly and murmur words of conciliation.

After a while she went to Lady Pendleton, and told her of the success of her mission, and Lady Pendleton was delighted.

"What has come to Bruce?" she exclaimed. "But there, I told you, my dear, that he would find you irresistible. Did you have to persuade him very much, Floris?"

Floris colored.

"Not much," she answered, naively. "I ought to have added that he has a box for the opera to-night if you would like to go, Lady Pendleton."

She said not a word about herself.

"Of course. Now that is very thoughtful of him. Let me see, what shall I wear? By the way, did he say that Blanche Seymour was going?"

"No," said Floris, and for the life of her she could not help a sudden heavy pang, the pang one feels at being reminded of something unpleasant and unwelcome.

"Hem, perhaps he will take her; but I should like to know. I think I can guess what Blanche would wear, and I don't want to clash with her! You must let me see your dresses directly, dear."

"But I am not to go, Lady Pendleton," said Floris.

Her ladyship opened her eyes.

"You foolish child, do you think I don't know that the box is meant for you! Not go! I should like to see Bruce's face if I told him I meant going without you!" and the smile became a laugh as Floris's face grew gradually scarlet.

* * * * * *

Lord Norman got on his horse and clattered down the street to the admiration of a nurse-maid and a butcher boy, the first of whom stared after him to the evident peril of her perambulator and passengers, and the boy sent a shrill cat-call in his wake.

He had had what the French call "a bad quarter of an hour," and was feeling as nearly upset as it was possible for man to feel.

Never in all his life had he tried so hard to conciliate and please a woman. Alas, he had seldom found it necessary to try! A glance or two of the handsome eyes, a smile, a tender word or two, and hearts had fallen at his feet!

But this morning he had humbled himself at Floris's feet; he had pleaded for forgiveness, and, so to speak, begged for a kind word as a starving man craves a crust.

And the beautiful girl with the grey eyes that had haunted him all the night through had remained an iceberg, interposing her pride and hauteur like a shield and barrier which resisted all his efforts to pass them.

It is needless to say that the box at the opera had been an inspiration of the moment.

It had occurred to him that at least she would be pleased with that. But as he booked it at the library in Bond Street, he very much doubted whether that, as well as his gentle speeches, had not been thrown away!

He got the best box he could that was vacant, then rode to Covent Garden and purchasedd a couple of very handsome bouquets.

Knowing Lady Betty's liking for colors, he selected a glowing bunch of tropical blooms for her, and then set to work to carefully choose one for Floris. He had an idea that she might wear the dove-colored dress of last night, and wisely chose a bouquet of white azaleas edged with pink.

Directing these to be sent to his rooms, he turned his horse in the direction of Eaton Place, and as he neared it, the cloud on his face by no means lightened.

A groom took his horse round to the stables, and a footman, in answer to his enquiry for Lady Blanche, at once admitted him and passed him on to another who showed him upstairs into a small drawing-room.

Lady Blanche, in her riding habit, was seated at a table writing a letter.

Most women while they are young look well in a habit; it is probable that Lady Blanche never looked better than in riding-garb.

The plain brown cloth fitted her like a skin, emphasising the imperial grace, marking every bend of the well-trained figure, and setting off the classical contour of her face and the dazzling hair.

She did not rise as he came in, and merely smiled as she held out her hand.

"Well, Blanche," he said. "Why did you not tell them to say that you were busy?" he said, as he put his hat down on the table.

"I am not busy. I am only writing a note, and shall not be a minute."

She folded the note and directed it before speaking again, then got up and went to the window where he stood looking down at the street.

"It was very good of you to come so early," she said in her soft low voice, which if he had loved her, would have made him turn and take her in his arms, so inviting and caressing was it.

"Oh, I have nothing else to do," he said, still staring at the street. Then he looked round at her. "What did you want me for, Blanche?"

"Well, for one thing to ask you about the Lynches. They have asked us to Ballyfloe for the first fortnight in the autumn. I would not give an answer until I knew whether you were going, because—well, the reason is too obvious. Are you not immensely flattered, sir?"

"Very," he said, forcing a smile, and feeling uncomfortable and guilty. "They have not asked me yet——"

"But they will."

"And the autumn is years off as yet. Heaven only knows what will happen before then!"

"Which means that you don't know whether you are going or not?"

"Yes," he said, uneasily. "I don't like fixing myself so long in advance. But why do you not accept? It is the best place for September, and my lord"—he always called the old earl "my lord"—"is fond of going there."

"I will accept if you wish it," she said, almost meekly, her dark, velvety eyes dwelling on his face.

He laughed.

"My dear Blanche, don't throw the responsibility on me! You might not enjoy yourself, and then what remorse would fall to my lot!"

"Oh, I shall enjoy myself," she said, "especially if you come down."

He beat a tattoo on the window with the handle of his whip.

"Then of course I will go down to Ballyfloe."

Her face glowed for a moment.

"How kind of you, Bruce!" she murmured.

He bit his lip. He had just left one beautiful woman, who could find not one gracious word for him, and here was another who thanked him for nothing at all. And yet in his heart he felt as if he would rather have had the one gracious word from Floris than the sweetly-voiced thanks of Lady Blanche, and cursed himself for a fool because it was so.

"And what is the other thing?" he asked more genially.

"Oh, it is about this Fancy Fair of the duchess's, Bruce. She has asked me to take a stall. It is a Swiss——"

"Yes, I know all about it, Blanche," he said.

"Well, I don't much care for it, but I don't wish to offend her. Would you go if you were me?"

"My dear Blanche," he protested, with a laugh, "how can I possibly tell what I should really do if I were you? Go, I suppose?" She smiled.

"Very well, I will go. And, Bruce, you won't mind helping me, will you? I don't think I should care to undertake it unless I had someone to—to——"

"Protect you? See that no one stole the things, if anyone could be found idiot enough to steal the rubbish offered for sale on such occasions?"

She laughed.

"Yes, if you like to put it so. Will you?"

He colored slightly.

"I should be very glad, Blanche, but I have promised to perform the same vague office for Lady Betty."

She did not relax her smile, but her white eyelids dropped over the brown eyes for an instant.

"Really! Well, I must look out for someone else."

"You will find no difficulty in that," he said, with a smile. "I could name twenty men who would gladly do battle for the honor."

"I dare say," she assented, indifferently. "Oh, no, there will be no difficulty."

"Were you going for a ride?" he asked, getting away from the very awkward subject.

"Yes, and you are riding, too! Do you mean to come with me, Bruce?"

"If you will allow me," he said.

She looked pleased, and crossing the room rang the bell and ordered her horse. As she did so she saw something sticking in the lining of his hat.

It was the box ticket which after the manner of forgetful men, he had placed in this conspicuous position. She bent forward and looked at it, then came back to him.

"Are you going to the Crown-brilliants to-night, Bruce?"

"No," he replied. "I am tired of the Crown-brilliants. They always have twice as many as the room will hold; last time I was nearly suffocated."

"Come and dine and spend the evening with us, then," she said.

"I can't Blanche, to-night; I have an engagement."

"I am sorry," she said sweetly.

"The horse, my lady," announced the servant.

Lord Norman went for his hat; but Lady Blanche begged him to wait for a moment.

"I have forgotten a note I want to write," she said, and in her slow, graceful manner she sat down and wrote a line or two, declining the Crown-brilliants, and on half a sheet of paper scribbled—"Get a box at the Opera for to-night."

"I am quite ready now," she said, and as they passed out she handed the note and the paper to the footman.

The park was full as they entered the ring, and hats flew off the men lounging over the rails as the two passed.

Not a man but envied him the honor of riding thus familiarly by her side, not a woman but glanced covetingly at his dark, handsome face, and longed to be in her place.

He rode almost silently beside her, his eyes fixed absently on his horse's ears; Floris's voice, Floris's words, "It is a matter of perfect indifference to me, my lord," ringing in his ears; but, silent though he was, Lady Blanche was happy in having him near her.

It is not too much to say that she loved the very horse he rode, and that she would rather have him near her, silent and brooding though he was, than any other man alive.

They walked and entered round the ring of tan for an hour, she bowing to the endless string of friends and acquaintances, he noticing no one, then, with a sigh, she said—

"You must not stay any longer, Bruce! You want to go to your club for lunch! It is very good of you to have come with me; I know how you hate this kind of thing!" He started slightly.

"Nonsense!" he said, but all the same he turned his horse at once.

As they rode down Eaton Place, a man, who had been lounging at the corner smoking a cigar, looked up and stared at them, then, as they came abreast of him, he put up his hand as if to arrange his hat more comfortably, and, in doing so, completely hid his face.

Neither of them saw him, and if Lord Norman had done so, he would not have recognized Oscar Raymond.

* * * * * *

When Lord Norman was shown into the drawing-room at Grosvenor Place, he found Lady Betty disconsolately nibbling at a strawberry, and dressed in ordinary evening attire.

"Is that you, Bruce?" she said, mournfully.

"Yes, I think so. What is the matter, Betty?" and he drew the two bouquets from under his dress-inverness, and laid them on the table.

"Oh, what lovely flowers! But it is no use, Bruce, I can't go?"

"Can't go! Why not?" he demanded.

"Why, Miss Carlisle won't come with us, and of course I can't go alone! I sent to ask Lady Glenloona, but she was engaged. I'm dreadfully sorry, Bruce, but what is to be done? I sent you word."

"Dined and dressed at the club," he said curtly, with disappointment written in capital letters on his handsome face. "Is Miss Carlisle ill?"

"N—o, I think not. She does not look ill, but she begged so hard to be excused that I had to give way."

He gnawed at his moustache and stared at the tablecloth for a moment.

"What reason did she give?"

"None. That's what makes it so annoying!" replied Lady Betty. "Simply begged to be excused. If it were anyone else, I should feel inclined to be angry. But one can't be angry with her; she is so nice and altogether charming. I am sure she will prove a treasure! I never knew any so quick and with such tact. I am sure she has done fifty things for me to-day. That makes the refusal all the more extraordinary."

"You say that she is not ill?"

"No, she is quite well, and looks simply lovely to-night! She would create a sensation, Bruce, I am sure, if she would only go. But she 'begs to be excused!' that is all; but the way she says it makes it impossible for anyone to press her. I feel quite small and insignificant before her very quiet, queenly way. What is the opera, Bruce?"

"Faust?"

"My favorite!" almost moaned Lady Betty. "How vexing. And a good box?"

"The best in the house. Betty, do you think she would come down if you asked her?"

"I daresay. But of course she would."

"Then ask her please."

"My dear Bruce, if you think you can persuade her you are immensely mistaken——"

"Ask her to come down," he said simply.

Lady Betty sent for a footman to send for her maid, and sent the maid with a meek message to Miss Carlisle begging her to step down.

This roundabout mission took some minutes in execution, but Lord Norman stood on the hearthrug in perfect silence.

Presently the door opened and Floris glided in.

She stopped short as she saw his tall figure in its broad inverness, but he came forward with extended hand.

She just touched it with her fingers, and stood waiting, coldly, proudly.

"Miss Carlisle," he said, fixing his eyes upon her, "will you tell me—I ask it humbly and as a favor—why you will not go to the opera to-night?"

"Lady Pendleton has been kind enough to excuse me," she said, looking at her.

"Just so," he said. "But—pardon me!—that is not an answer to my question."

"I do not wish to go my lord," she said, proudly.

"Are you ill?" he asked anxiously.

She shook her head.

"I am quite well my lord."

"Then—forgive me!—your refusal is based upon a whim?"

She did not answer.

He bowed.

"Your lightest whim, Miss Carlisle, shall be respected by me, and none the less so because it causes Lady Pendleton a great disappointment. To-night the opera is 'Faust,' her favorite; it will not be played again this season, and she has been looking forward to an evening's enjoyment. She cannot go alone, and cannot find anyone to accompany her. So, you see at how great a cost we accept your refusal!"

Floris looked from one to the other, like a wild gazelle at bay.

"I did not know!" she murmured, then, after a pause, "I will go, if you please."

He merely bowed, but Lady Betty uttered a cry of delight.

"Really! How kind of you! But, Bruce, I don't think it is quite fair."

"Oh, it is quite fair! Miss Carlisle did not understand," he said, in his low, distinct voice.

Floris hurried to her room. She ought to have felt humiliated and annoyed, but she could not; instead, strange to say, it was with a thrill of delight that she put on her modest fur cloak, drawing the hood over her head so that it made a soft frame for her beautiful face, and hastily fastened a white rose in her dress.

Then forcing her face into its coldest and most reserved expression, she went down again.

Lord Norman looked up at her with a gleam of satisfaction in his eyes, then glanced at his watch and ordered the carriage.

"Here is a bouquet for you, Betty," he said, carelessly giving her the gaily colored one. "Miss Carlisle, will you please accept this?" and as carelessly as he could he held out the other.

Floris hesitated for a moment, then took it with a bow.

"Thank you. It is very beautiful."

"I am glad you like it," he said, almost curtly.

With an accustomed hand he carefully placed them in the carriage, and they drove along in silence.

It was Floris's first experience of theatre going, and her heart beat fast with curiosity and excitement; but amidst it all she could not help noticing the calm masterful way with which Lord Norman escorted them through the crowded entrance and into the *foyer*.

It seemed, to use a vulgarism, as if it all belonged to him. Let the crowd be ever so great at certain points, the two women on his arm were never inconvenienced. The men in attendance appeared to know him and flew to do his bidding, though it was conveyed in the quietest of voices.

All this impressed itself on Floris, while she was looking round at the brilliant throng; the magnificently dressed ladies blazing in jewels, and the aristocratic men in their funereal evening dress.

The bustle, the lights confused her, and her hand involuntarily closed tightly upon the strong arm upon which she leant.

Two attendants ushered them into their box, the overture was just beginning, and dazzled and excited, Floris leant forward and gazed fixedly at the stage. As she did so, a score of opera glasses were leveled at the box, and Lady Betty smiled significantly at Lord Norman.

"I told you so," she whispered, leaning back to him. "I knew she would create a sensation! She is the most beautiful girl here, Bruce!"

He frowned, and, as if by accident, drew the outer curtain so that it screened Floris. The opera commenced, and all Floris's eyes and soul were concentrated on the stage.

Her color came and went, her heart beat fast, her small hands grasped the sweet-smelling bouquet tightly, and as the delicious strains of perhaps the most musical opera ever penned since Meyerbeer dropped the baton rose from the chorus, she breathed a deep sigh of intense, exquisite delight.

Lord Norman stood, with folded arms, watching her.

For him the glittering stage, the heavenly music had no charm, compared with that possessed by the beautiful young girl who had won his heart and yet defied and kept him at arm's length.

Motionless and silent, he waited until the curtain dropped on the first act, then, as Floris leant back with a sigh of satisfied delight, he bent over her.

"Are you sorry that you came?" he whispered.

"No, no! Oh, no!" she murmured, quite forgetting for the moment, who was addressing her. "It is delightful, beautiful. I did not know that anything so excited me! I——"

She stopped and crimsoned, then turned her face away coldly. She had remembered to whom she was speaking.

He said not another word, but stepped back and folded his arms again.

The second act began, and as the story—surely the most witching that was ever conceived by man—unrolled itself, her lovely face grew softened and pitiful.

He saw the grey eyes grow moist, and presently a tear fell upon the flowers in her hand.

His heart beat fast, and he felt a passionate desire to snatch the bouquet from her and kiss it, just where the tear fell; but he restrained himself, and stood still with folded arms and calm impassiveness. The opera proceeded.

The sad, miserable story of human frailty and human suffering developed itself, and amidst the most intense silence, Neilsson sang her great song.

As she finished, a tremendous uproar of applause arose, and Floris, moved beyond herself, raised her bouquet and threw it, with a passionate gesture, at Neilsson's feet.

It was done on the impulse of the moment; the next she looked round almost with affright, but Lord Norman bent over her with a smile.

"That was nicely done," he said. "See! she is smiling up at you!"

Floris bent over the box and met the great prima donna's smile, and her heart seemed to stand still.

Then a huge wave of remorse swept over her; she had thrown away the flowers he had given her.

Almost as if he read the thought he said—

"You could not have applied them to a better use, Miss Carlisle. Besides, they were your own to do as you wish with!"

The curtain drew up on the last act, and Floris was bending forward to catch the first notes of the music when, suddenly, some persons entered the box exactly opposite their own.

She would not have noticed the fact, but at the moment she saw Lady Betty lean back and catch at Lord Norman's arm, and heard her whisper gently in a startled voice—

"Bruce! Look! There is Blanche!"

Then Floris turned her eyes from the stage to the opposite box, and saw a beautiful face with dark brown velvety eyes fixed, with almost fierce, scornful scrutiny, upon her.

CHAPTER VII.

RIGHT across the magnificent opera house the two women looked at each other.

The expression of the fierce jealousy which had flamed forth from Lady Blanche's eyes passed and vanished in a moment, and nothing but a calm, indolent, almost indifferent gaze met Floris's one of frank admiration.

She thought that she had never seen, or imagined, anything more perfectly lovely than the ivory-white face with the velvety eyes and long dark lashes, and the crown of golden hair, in which priceless diamonds flickered and flashed in the brilliant light.

Her eyes rested on the splendid gorgeous picture set in the gilt frame-work of the box with a pleased satisfaction at the opportunity of viewing such loveliness, then suddenly a strange kind of pain seemed to smite her, to fall upon her like a dull cloud passing across a summer sky; a pain that puzzled and frightened her, that chilled for a moment the keen delight she was taking in the picture and the opera. For it flashed upon her that the peerless beauty was Lady Blanche, the love of Lord Norman.

A spasm of shame shot through her at the momentary depression, and her face turned scarlet with wounded pride; then with a mighty effort she cast all thought of the beautiful peeress from her, turned her face to the stage, shutting out the sight of the box opposite, and gave herself up to the fascination of the opera.

What was it to her whether the beautiful creature opposite, or any other, was Lord Norman's intended. The fact could not interest, should not interest her! She would forget it.

Lord Norman stood behind her chair, calm, impassive, apparently deaf and blind to all around him, with that *sang froid* which his admirers declared was unique and inimitable.

He had seen the flash of jealousy dart across the theatre, had seen the hot flush on Floris's face, but for any sign of recognition, he might have been indeed blind.

Lady Pendleton, however, looked uneasy at his immovability, and began to fidget and cast glances at the opposite box. Presently she turned her head.

"Hadn't you better go across, Bruce?" she whispered, not so low but that Floris heard her.

"Presently," he answered.

Then he bent over Floris's chair, so low that his lips almost touched her hair, so low that she could easily feel his breath stir it.

"The great scene is coming, Miss Carlisle; have you got your tears ready?"

"Ah, don't, please," said Floris, without removing her eyes from the stage. "It is real to me, too real! I cannot smile and make light of it, Lord Norman."

"How I envy you," he murmured, resuming his old position, like a sentinel on guard, his eyes fixed on her face.

The opera proceeded, and presently the great scene arrived.

Neilsson was in beautiful voice that night and Marguerite's sweet, plaintive, soul-stirring death-song rose and filled the house with its wonderful pathetic sweetness.

Gradually Floris's face grew pale, her lips quivered, the tears gathered in her eyes and trickled slowly, like great diamonds, down her cheeks.

Never had she looked more lovely, more heart-moving; and as the *blase* man of the world watched her, he felt an awful longing to take her in his arms, to bend and kiss the tears from the starlike face; as it was, his own face went pale under the spell she was, all unconsciously, weaving round him, and the hand resting on the back of her chair, touching her dress, trembled. He could not resist the longing to speak to her, and bent over her murmuring—

"No, no! Do not! It is not even worth that!"

Without moving her head, Floris turned her eyes towards him, with a half shame-faced smile, and wiped her eyes.

"I am glad, and yet so sorry—so sorry it is over," she murmured as the curtain fell. "Who could help crying?" And she laughed tremulously. "Isn't everybody crying?"

"Look round and see," he replied.

Instinctively she looked across to the opposite box. There sat Lady Blanche, calm and unmoved as a statue, the fan in her hand fluttering to and fro with the quintessence of indolent content. She looked round the theatre; people were laughing and talking as if they had been looking on at a pantomime.

"You see we have all of us seen it so many times," said Lord Norman in his low voice, which seemed meant to reach her ears alone; "and we get hardened. But I am glad you are enjoying it!"

"Enjoying it! I have never been so happy in my life!" exclaimed Floris. A light shone in her eyes for a moment.

"You make me very happy," he said in a low voice.

Instantly her manner changed, and the old proud look came into her eyes.

"Are you not going now?" she said, turning to Lady Pendleton.

"Oh, there's a ballet, isn't there, Bruce?" asked Lady Betty. "Please let us stay for the ballet. One always goes home so very miserable after 'Faust' without the ballet."

He inclined his head.

"By all means," he said; then he got his opera hat, and left the box without a word; and Floris felt that she had wounded him by her cold repulse.

Lady Pendleton shrugged her shoulders.

"At last!" she exclaimed confidentially. "I thought he was never going. I assure you, my dear, I have been most uncomfortable. He ought to have got up and gone round directly she came in."

"Lady Blanche Seymour, do your mean?" asked Floris, indifferently.

"Of course. How well she is looking to-night," said Lady Betty, putting up her opera-glasses. "She has got on one of Worth's latest. Certainly I will say that Blanche knows how to dress. I don't know anyone who wears diamonds so well. Did you see her look across at us as she came in, my dear?"

"Yes, I saw her look across—yes."

Lady Betty laughed with a little malicious enjoyment.

"Blanche and I don't get on very well together, you know. I fancy she thinks I take up too much of Bruce's time. Ridiculous, isn't it? I cannot help his being nice and attentive, can I? I don't think she liked seeing him here with me; she considers that she has the monopoly in poor Bruce. Look! There he is. How handsome he is! Really I don't think there is another man in the house with such a figure and—and—style, to say nothing of his face."

Floris looked across and saw Lord Bruce standing beside Lady Blanche's chair. He was talking, but not bending over her as he had bent over Floris; and Lady Blanche was speaking to him with her face turned almost completely away.

"She is asking him who you are, my dear," said Lady Betty, with a smile.

"How do you know that?" asked Floris, fighting down the sudden blush. "You cannot hear, Lady Pendleton."

"I can't tell by her face," replied Lady Betty. "Don't you see how carefully she avoids looking our way? She has not looked in our direction once since he entered their box. That is why I know she is talking about us."

"How beautiful she is!" said Floris slowly.

"Yes; oh yes. Undeniably beautiful! One of the loveliest women in London, my dear!" assented Lady Betty cordially. "There are not many women here so beautiful."

"Many!" echoed Floris. "Not one Lady Pendleton!"

Lady Betty looked at her with a faint smile, seemed about to speak, then stopped herself and laughed instead.

The orchestra began the overture to the ballet.

"I wonder whether he means to remain there for the rest of the evening!" said Lady Betty, with the pettishness of a spoiled child. "I suppose he will deign to come and see us home?"

"Oh, yes," said Floris.

Lady Betty laughed.

"Yes, I suppose so. By the way, my dear, did you say anything to offend him just now? He left the box so suddenly, and I saw him speaking to you a moment before."

Floris colored.

"What could I say to offend Lord Norman?" she replied coldly.

"Oh, I didn't know, my dear," responded Lady Betty. "I thought he looked put out, that was all."

The curtain drew up, and Floris turned to the stage and gazed at the magnificent scene spellbound.

So enwrapt was she that she did not hear the box door open, and it was not until she felt his hand upon her chair that she knew Lord Norman had returned.

"Well?" he said, and if he had been offended he had regained his temper, "not so good as 'Faust?'"

"No, but it is very beautiful! More beautiful than I dreamed it could be!" said Floris. "They seem to float on air; how they must enjoy it!"

"Yes. I am told that they do," he said, as innocently as if he had never been behind the scenes. "I hope they forget the years of hard work, the cruel straining of the limbs, the cramp and the colds they get in the draughty wings——"

"Poor creatures!" said Floris. "Don't tell me any more, please."

"Forgive me, I ought not to spoil your pleasure," he said penitently.

"Was she very angry, Bruce?" Floris heard Lady Betty whisper.

"Blanche, do you mean?" he asked, coldly, as if reluctant to answer.

"Yes, of course. I know she was angry, because she smiled at me so sweetly while you were going round, and avoided us so completely when you got there."

"You have wonderful intuition, Betty," he said, calmly, and turned to Floris instantly.

"Can you make the story out?" he said. "They are dancing an opera, instead of singing it, you know."

"I think I can," said Floris, "but I am not sure."

He drew a chair near to her, and leaning forward, explained the action of the ballet with a patience and earnestness which would have astonished many who knew him, his eyes fixed on her face with grave intentness the while. As he was speaking, there came a knock at the door, and a voice said—

"May I come in, Lady Pendleton?"

Lady Betty started, and uttered a bird-like cry of delight and surprise.

"Why, it is Bertie! Is it you, Bertie?"

"Guilty, my lady!" answered the voice, so pleasant and merry a one that Floris turned her head.

"Bruce, open the door!" exclaimed Lady Betty. "It is Bertie Clifforde!"

Lord Norman got up and opened the door, and a young man, a very young man, entered.

He was tall and graceful, with fair hair that clustered in curls on his brow; a soft fringe of gold above his upper lip promised a moustache; his eyes were blue, and full of life and joyousness; and his lips were curved in a smile which almost made Floris's smile to look at them.

He was beautifully dressed in faultless evening attire, with a diamond solitaire in his shirt front and lemon gloves on his small hands.

Altogether, as he stood holding Lady Betty's hand, and half laughing down at her, he presented a picture of youth at its best and happiest which would have warmed the heart of even a misanthorpe.

"Why, Bertie, where have you sprung from?" demanded Lady Betty, laughingly.

"From Canada," he replied. "Been out there for the big game, you know. How well you are looking! I am so glad to see you! How lucky I dropped in to-night. And Bruce too!" and he released Lady Pendleton's hand at last and took Lord Norman's. "So awfully glad to see you, Bruce! It seems ages since we met! And

how well you are looking! I am awfully lucky! Do you know I hesitated outside for a moment before I came in! Never expected to see you you may be sure, or I should not have paused a moment!" and he wrung Lord Norman's hand again.

Then his joyous blue eyes turned to Floria questioningly.

She had her face towards the stage, and Lord Norman made no offer of introduction but Lady Betty leant forward and tapped Floria on the arm.

"My dear, let me introduce you to an old friend—I beg your pardon Bertie! a young friend——"

"Now, Lady Pendleton!" murmured Lord Clifforde, with meek reproach.

"Lord Clifforde, Miss Carlisle."

Floria turned her head and bowed, and Bertie, as Viscount Clifforde was usually called, started slightly, flushed, and then bowed.

Lady Betty laughed with pleasant maliciousness. She saw the effect Floria's beauty had made upon the boy.

"You see, Bertie, you are luckier even than you supposed!"

"Yes, yes, indeed!" he said, almost with a stammer, and with a sudden shyness that was very prepossessing, it was so frank and boyish.

"And so you have just come from Canada Bertie?" said Lord Norman.

Bertie responded with a smile and a laugh and began to tell them some of his adventures.

Floria scarcely listened, but the clear, fresh voice reached her ears and chimed in not inharmoniously with the music.

All the while he was talking, the young viscount's eyes were wandering towards her, and in a pause of the conversation he drew near Lady Betty and leant down to whisper—

"Who is she, Lady Pendleton?"

Lady Betty laughed.

"My companion, Bertie. Isn't she beautiful?"

"Hush!" he whispered, with a bright blush that many a woman in the theatre would have given her suite of diamonds to possess. "Hush, she will hear you! She is lovely!"

"Thanks, I'll tell her you say so," said Lady Betty mercilessly.

He blushed again and glanced round at Floria.

"It will be new to her if you do," he retorted, with a wisdom beyond his years; "she doesn't know it. I can see that by her eyes. Yes, she is lovely!"

"And she is as good as she is beautiful, as the copy books say, Bertie," said Lady Betty in a stage whisper.

He stood looking at her, and Lord Bruce leaning over her, for a moment, his handsome young face very serious; and Lady Betty, as if she could read what was passing in his mind, said meaningly—

"Have you been to see Lady Blanche yet, Bertie?"

He started, and his face cleared.

"Ah, yes," he said, as if relieved of a sudden doubt, and he looked from Lady Blanche's to Lord Norman. "No, not yet. But I will go directly."

"Better go right at once," said Lady Betty.

He took no notice, and presently he drew nearer to Floria, and seeing her opera cloak had slipped to the floor of the box, stooped and, picking it up, put it on the back of her chair.

"Thank you!" said Floria looking round at him, and reading in his eyes the direct obvious desire to speak to her, she slowly moved her chair so that he might draw his his near.

But when he had seated himself close to her, he did not seem to know what to say. The ready fluency with which he had talked to Lady Pendleton and Lord Norman deserted him, and he sat looking at the stage in silence.

Her beauty had fascinated and overpowered him. Voltaire, who was a clever man said that there was no such thing as love at first sight; but Bertie Clifforde could have contradicted the great philosopher most emphatically.

It was Floria who spoke first.

"When did you come back from Canada, my lord?" she asked, for the sake of saying something.

"This morning," he said, turning his blue eyes upon her as if he were grateful to her for speaking to him.

"Only this morning! And you are not too tired to come to the opera?"

He laughed in his pleasant, boyish fashion.

"Oh, no! I am never tired. I slept in the train. I can always sleep when I like for an hour or two, and get quite fresh. Oh, I am never tired. It doesn't do to get tired in Canada. One has to be out night after night watching for game; up to one's waist in water sometimes. Have you been long in London?" he asked, almost timidly, but his eyes showed the interest he took in her.

"Only a day or two," said Floria. "This is the first opera I have ever seen."

"Really!" his blue eyes expanding. "How jolly! I wish I had come earlier!" then he blushed. "Has Bruce—Lord Norman—been here all the time?"

"Yes," said Floria.

"Dear old Bruce!" he said, glancing slightly to the back of the box where Lord Norman leant, looking at the floor. "I am so glad to see him again."

"You are old friends?" said Floria very quietly.

"Oh, yes; we were at Eton together; that is, I was there a couple of terms before he left, and we have seen a great deal of each other since. He has been awfully kind to me, taken me about, and put me up at his clubs. I am very proud of being his friend; there are so few fellows he is really intimate with. I wish he had been in Canada with us. There isn't such another shot in England as Bruce; and he rides too!—it's a treat to see him going across the country. But there, I don't know anything that he isn't good at. I've seen him fight a bargee twice his size, and beat him."

All his eloquence had come back in praise of his idol and beau ideal.

"I remember we had a row at college with some townsmen, and Bruce fought two of them, and with his wrist sprained half the time."

Floria listened with a pensive smile on her averted face. It was pleasant to hear this young lord sing the praises of his friend; and Floria, though she smiled, pictured the tall, stalwart figure doing battle against overwhelming odds, and that picture pleased her!

"It is just good luck my meeting him here to-night. I heard at the club that he had sailed in his yacht."

"Lord Norman is staying in London to help Lady Pendleton at a Fancy Fair," said Floria.

"Really! A Fancy Fair! How jolly! I wonder whether she would let me help. Do you think she would mind my asking? You are going, aren't you?"

"I don't know, my lord," replied Floria, smiling.

"Oh, I hope so!" he said, ardently, then blushed at his ardor.

"I shall, if Lady Pendleton really wishes me."

He stared, just as Lord Norman had stared, then remembered that she was a companion with a vague wonder.

"I'll ask her!" he said, resolutely, and he got up and went to Lady Betty.

Lord Norman came forward, as if he had been waiting.

"How do you like my friend Bertie, Miss Carlisle?" he asked.

"Very much," replied Floria. "He has gone to ask Lady Betty to allow him to help her at the Fancy Fair."

"She will be delighted. Bertie is what is called in theatrical circles, 'a safe draw.' He is the pet of society; it is a wonder he is not spoiled."

"I don't think I should say that he is not spoiled," said Floria, with a smile.

Bertie came back to her chair, as she spoke, flushed and radiant.

"I am accepted, Miss——" he stopped.

"Carlisle," put in Lord Norman.

"Miss Carlisle! I shall work awfully hard! There are lots of things I can do. You will see! We'll make a big success of it!"

"You might reserve one of the Swiss costumes for yourself, Bertie. Shave your moustache off, and you would make a capital Swiss dairy-maid. A great deal prettier than most of them," said Lord Norman, with a smile.

Lord Clifforde laughed good humoredly.

"Isn't that too bad of him, Miss Carlisle? That's next door to calling me a girl, you know."

"And is that so very bad?" said Floria, turning her bright eyes laughingly upon him.

He blushed and fluttered under the witching glance of the grey eyes, and his own rested on her face with a rapt look.

The curtain fell amidst a thunder of applause, and Lady Betty, with a little yawn, shut up her fan and looked round.

"Don't you wait, Bruce," she said, with a significant glance at the opposite box. "Bertie will take charge of us."

A frown gathered for a moment on Lord Norman's brow.

"What have I done to be so summarily dismissed?" he said, and got her cloak for her.

Lady Betty shrugged her shoulders.

"I was thinking for your own good, Bruce," she whispered.

"Pray let me think for myself!" he said, in a low voice.

Then he went to put on Floria's cloak, but Bertie, with hands that almost trembled in his eagerness and delight, had got the cloak in his hand, and was reverently arranging it on her shoulders; then he offered her his arm, and Lord Bruce was left to escort Lady Betty.

The two men conducted the ladies from the box into the crowded foyer, and Bertie dashed off to find the carriage, which he managed, by dint of hard work and the bribe of a sovereign, to bring to the door just five minutes before its time.

Then he went back to the saloon, looking superbly handsome, with his fair face flushed with his exertions.

As he entered he saw Lord Norman, as he thought, standing by the door.

"Why! Where are the ladies, Bruce?" he exclaimed.

The man he addressed looked at him for a moment, then turned, and was instantly swallowed up in the brilliant crowd thronging the corridor.

Bertie looked after him with astonishment then mechanically made his way to where he had left the three, and found them standing in the same spot, waiting for him.

He started at Bruce with amazement, and in silence, for a moment.

"What's the matter, Bertie? Has the carriage flown away?"

"Why I—How did you get in here again so soon, and without your overcoat?" asked Bertie, open-eyed.

"I have not left the saloon since you went of course," returned Lord Norman.

"But I saw you outside here a minute—a second—ago!" retorted Bertie.

Lady Betty laughed.

"What nonsense you talk, Bertie!" she exclaimed. "Bruce has not left us; how could he?"

Bertie colored.

"I have made a stupid mistake," he said, penitently. "I have got the carriage."

They went down without another word, but as they descended the stairs he looked from right to left searchingly.

Lord Norman and he put them into the carriage, and Lord Norman stood by the window a moment after he had shut the door.

"Good-night," he said, in his low, musical voice, and speaking to Floria. "I hope you will not be tired in the morning."

"Thanks," she said, calmly.

The carriage moved on very slowly, and Bertie seized the opportunity to press forward.

"I may come and talk about the Fair, to-morrow?" he asked, eagerly.

"Yes, yes; do!" said Lady Betty, putting out her hand. "And make haste back! You have no hat on, and will catch cold!"

He laughed his frank, boyish laugh, and, as if in echo, Floria laughed too, and held out her hand.

He flushed with grateful pleasure and seized it, getting nearly run over for his pains, and stood looking after the carriage until it was lost to sight.

Lord Norman watched him with a smile on his face.

"Don't they wear hats in Canada, Bertie?" he said.

The young viscount started, and laughed apologetically; then sent a man to the saloon for his hat.

"Oh, Bruce, what a lovely creature!" he exclaimed, in a low voice, as he locked his arm in Lord Norman's.

"The coachman, do you mean?—you were staring after him."

"The coachman! What do you mean? No! Miss Carlisle."

"Oh, yes, yes!" assented Lord Norman, coldly.

"I call her the loveliest girl I have ever seen! Lady Betty's companion! Do you know her very well, Bruce?"

"A little," was the curt response.

"What is her name?"

"Carlisle, I told you."

"Yes, I know; but what is her Christian name?"

"Floria," replied Lord Norman, very reluctantly.

"Floria! Floria! What a beautiful name. Floria!"

Lord Norman stopped and looked at him half angrily.

"Beautiful, no doubt, but there is no reason why you should publish it to the whole of Covent Garden."

The boy flushed shamefacedly, and put his slim, white hand to his brow.

"I—I beg your pardon, Bruce. I did not know I was speaking so loudly. I don't think I was, either! How glad I am that I came back, and that I dropped in to-night!"

Lord Norman stopped again and looked at him, with something like a frown and a smile commingled.

"Now, Bertie, don't play the fool. Of course. I know what this rhapsody means. You are in love for the five hundred and ninety-ninth-time!"

The young viscount raised his head and looked at him. His face went pale, and his blue eyes were almost solemn in their earnestness.

"No; for the first time, Bruce. Don't chaff me. I—I don't think I should like it. Yes, I am in love," he went on almost defiantly; "and I am not ashamed to own it."

"Own it to yourself alone, then," retorted Lord Norman, coldly. "See here, Bertie, if you mean to make a fool of yourself over Miss Carlisle, you had better go back to Canada."

The boy hung his head for a moment, then looked up.

"I can't help it, Bruce. I feel as if I had been bewitched."

He put his hand to his brow again, and his face went pale.

"Don't chaff me. I am serious this time, Bruce."

"So you have assured me quite a dozen times before," retorted Lord Norman.

"But I have never felt like this. There, don't let us talk of it, Bruce."

"But we will!" said Lord Norman, almost sternly. "Listen to me, Bertie; I know about as much of you as you do yourself. You are Viscount Clifforde, with an old title and an empty purse. You are good-looking, confound you, as a picture, and you have got to take your good looks into the open market, and do your duty in that state of life, etc. And that duty is, to marry an heiress as soon as you conveniently can."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A WOMAN who has no home-duties, or who does not attend to such duties, is a pest to her acquaintances. It may take her a long time to make her breakfast-toilet, but her outside garments go on like magic when she has once decided to make a morning or afternoon call. She will not work, and she will not let her neighbors work. Her acquaintances are kept in a state of chronic discomfort in the expectation of a visit, and a door-bell in her vicinity cannot ring without striking terror to the heart of the lady of the house. A call from this idle person means simply loss of time without the slightest compensation. The work in the kitchen or the nursery must be abandoned; and this means, with practical conscientious housekeepers, not only a giving up of the work for the time, but some time yet to come. The work planned for that day and omitted for that day means overwork at another time, great confusion, and anxiety.

KEEP faithfully all engagements.

Bric-a-Brac.

NICKNAMES OF CITIES.—Bell City, Racine, Wis.; Bluff City, Hannibal, Mo.; City of Churches, Brooklyn, N. Y.; City of Elms, New Haven, Conn.; City of Flour and Sawdust, Minneapolis, Minn.; City of Magnificent Distances, Washington, D. C., City of the Plains, Denver, Col., City of Rocks, Nashville, Tenn.; City of Roses, Little Rock, Ark.; City of Spindles, Lowell, Mass.

A DEVOUT PRAYER.—In the early days of Methodism in Scotland, a certain congregation, where there was but one rich man, desired to build a new chapel. A church meeting was held. The old rich Scotchman rose and said: "Brethren, we dinna need a new chapel; I'll give £5 for repairs." Just then a bit of plaster falling from the ceiling hit him on the head. Looking up and seeing how bad it was, he said: "Brethren, it's worse than I thought; I'll make it 50 pun." "Oh, Lord," exclaimed a doted brother on a back seat, "hit 'im again!"

GLUE.—Glue is an inspissated jelly made of the parings of hides or horns of any kind and hoofs and ears of horses, oxen, calves, sheep, etc. These are first digested in lime water, to cleanse them from grease or dirt, and are then boiled, skimming off the dirt as it rises, after which the mass is strained through baskets and allowed to settle. When it is thought to be strong enough it is poured into frames or moulds about six feet long, one broad and two deep, where it gradually hardens as it cools, and is cut out, when cold, into square cakes. That is thought the best glue which swells considerably without melting by three or four days' immersion in cold water and recovers its former dimensions and properties by drying.

THE COLOR GREEN.—Green, being sacred to the fairies, is a most unlucky hue. The 'little folk' will undoubtedly resent the insult should any one dress in their color. One writer has known mothers in the south of England absolutely forbid it to their daughters, and avoid it in the furniture of their houses. Peter Bell's sixth wife could not have been more inauspiciously dressed when she—

> Put on her gown of green,
> To leave her mother at sixteen,
> And follow Peter Bell.

And nothing green must make its appearat a Scotch wedding. Kale and other green vegetables are rigidly excluded from the wedding-dinner. Jealousy has ever green eyes, and green grows the grass on Love's grave.

BELIEFS ABOUT PEAS.—Peas are sacred to Freya, almost vying with the mistletoe in alleged virtue for lovers. In one district of Bohemia the girls go into a field of peas and make there a garland of five or seven kinds of flowers all of different hues. This garland they must sleep upon, lying with their right ear upon it, and then they hear a voice from underground, which tells what manner of men they will have for husbands. Sweet peas would doubtless prove very effectual in this kind of divination, and there need be no difficulty in finding them of different hues. In parts of England if girls are lucky enough to find a pod containing nine peas they lay it under a gate and believe they will have for a husband the first man that passes through. On the borders unlucky lads and lasses in courtship are rubbed down with pea straws by friends of the opposite sex. These beliefs connected with peas are widespread.

ANIMALS IN HERALDRY.—The use of animal forms as blazonry of arms and as crests is very old indeed. Among other proofs of this may be cited the following from 'Plutarch's Morals':—"Of Isis and Osiris, or of the ancient religion and philosophy of Ægypt there are some that affirm that Osiris in his great army, dividing his forces into many parts at the same time gave every one of them certain ensigns or colors, with the shapes of several animals upon them, which in process of time came to be looked upon as sacred and to be worshiped by the several kindreds and clans in this distribution. Others say again that the kings of after times did for the greater terror of their enemies wear about them in their battles the golden and silver heads and upper parts of fierce animals." From this it appears probable that it was not—as often represented—solely as a distinguishing mark that crests were worn in battle, the armor distinguishing its wearer, but as decorative trappings of war for the greater terror of enemies.

A RELIC OF BARBARISM.—Cock-fighting is a relic of barbarism. The old-time islanders of Delos were great lovers of the "sport;" and Tanagra, a city of Boeotia; the island of Rhodes; Chalcis in Eubœa; and the country of Media, were famous for their "generous" race of cocks. Greece got its first game-cocks from Persia, and apparently, the excellence of the broods consisted in their weight and largeness; such, at least, was the case in Rhodes and Media, where the fighting fowls were exceedingly heavy and bulky, and of the nature of what our sportsmen call "shakebags" or "turnpokes." At Athens cock-fighting was, at first, a religio-political institution, "and was continued for improving the seeds of valor in the minds of their youth;" but there and elsewhere in Greece it afterwards became a common pastime, non-political, and with no religion in it. The dehumanizing practice was not readily adopted by the Romans—so Columella says; but it is pretty certain that the Romans brought it to England whence it was imported to this country.

TWO LITTLE HANDS.

BY RITA.

Once, on a summer day divine,
Two little hands fell into mine;
How pink they were! how frail and fine!
Each one a crumpled velvet ball,
So soft, and so absurdly small,
Ah me! to hold within them all
Life's tangled and mysterious skein,
The mingled threads of joy and pain,
Whose hidden ends we seek in vain.

O! fast the years have fled away:
Two little hands, at work or play,
Still bide with me the livelong day;
Now on some wilful mischief bent,
And now to loving service lent,
Now folded—sleepy and content—
The dimpled fingers curled, like those
Sweet, jealous leaves that cling and close
About the red heart of a rose.

I kissed them with a passionate sigh:
The quick tears spring, I scarce know why,
In thinking of the By-and-By!
How will they build, these little hands,
Upon the treacherous, shifting sands?
Or where the Rock eternal stands
And will they fashion, strong and true,
The work that they shall find to do?
Dear little hands, if I but knew!

Could I but see the veiled Fate,
Behind you barred and hidden gate!
Yet trusting this my love must wait!
O, when perplexed no more by these
Tear-blinded ways, my wanderings cease
In the sweet valleys of His peace:
Beyond the dark, some heavenly sign,
Some clue, however faint and fine,
Shall guide these little hands to mine!

GOLDEN LOVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WYCHFIELD HORROR," "LOVER AND LORD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"MISS AINSLEIGH!"

"Doh, ray, me, fah, soh, lah," is the only response.

"Miss Ainsleigh, you are wanted in the drawing-room."

"Se, doh," concludes Miss Ainsleigh. "Who wants me, Susan?"

"Miss Freeland and a gentleman."

"Very well. Oh, Mr. Palmer, isn't it too bad that I always am wanted when I am having my music-lesson? I suppose I must go, since Miss Freeland says so."

Mr. Palmer, who is seated by the piano, and holds in his hand a baton with which he has been beating time, says gravely that it is unfortunate the lesson should be interrupted; and Miss Ainsleigh turns towards the door with a half-pettish aggrieved look on her face.

It is a very pretty lovable face, even now with the shadow of a frown in the large clear blue eyes, and the suggestion of a pout on the beautiful mouth.

She is a slender, graceful girl, with a very fair roseate complexion, golden hair, and long dark eyelashes. There is a childish expectant gaze in the eyes themselves, and only the dawn of a woman's soul in their depths, and the dawn of womanhood in the light girlish manner and merry girlish ways.

For, though the pliant figure, the handsome dress, and the plaited and coiled hair suggest the season of maidenhood's perfection, Beryl Ainsleigh is only a child in heart; and nearly the whole of her short life has been passed within the decorous precincts of Cambridge House, Miss Freeland's establishment for young ladies.

She wears a dark green velvet dress with a looped-up over-dress of green cashmere, and there are thick ruffles of Maltese lace about her throat and the wrists of the velvet sleeves, and a bunch of fresh primroses in her belt, from which dangles a clinking silver chatelaine.

In the showy drawing-room Miss Freeland, tall, imposing, and gracious, in ample and flowing skirts, is sitting very upright in her yellow satin easy-chair, talking to a gentleman who sits opposite.

He is listening with a smile to her remarks, the usual stereotyped comments on Miss Ainsleigh's progress in knowledge; but he says little in answer, and the smile is but a formal one, as a sign that he is politely listening to all she has to say, whereas, in fact, he is paying no heed to it whatever.

When Beryl enters the room, he rises quickly and advances to meet her.

He is tall, with rather narrow high shoulders. His age would be somewhat difficult to guess, as he wears neither beard nor moustache, and his face would be lined and set for the five-and-twenty years one might, at first sight, credit him with, or smooth and handsome for the forty it seems possible, as one looks closer, he may have reached. The forehead is broad and low, with massive brows, the eyes gray and piercing, the nose and mouth large and handsome, the chin square and resolute.

The eyelids are peculiarly thick, and the under lip inclines to be heavy and projecting, so that one knows at once the man is determined to the verge of doggedness.

"Well, Beryl, how are you?" he says very pleasant.

"How do you do, cousin Marcus?" responds the girl carelessly. "Why do you always come when I am having my music-lesson? It is really very tiresome of you!"

"My dear," interposes Miss Freeland, "that is not a very polite reception to give your cousin, who has come all the way from London to see you."

"It is only twenty minutes' run," answers Miss Ainsleigh coolly, "and, if he considers it worth his while to come, I cannot hinder him; can I, Marcus?"

"I don't want you to," says Marcus. "I am quite willing to be scolded, Beryl, for interrupting the music. I will take all you have to say and smile over it."

But he does not look as though he enjoyed it, nevertheless.

Beryl shrugs her shoulders slightly and laughs.

"I am not going to waste my wrath. Of course I am glad to see you; only you should not come when Mr. Palmer is here."

"Happy Mr. Palmer!" murmurs Marcus. "It is a great comfort to me to know that he is fifty and wears spectacles sometimes."

Miss Freeland has withdrawn, with a book to a distant window, and does not appear to hear the conversation.

She is always very amiable to Miss Ainsleigh's friends, and particularly to this young man, whom she had to thank for the introduction of that most satisfactory and profitable pupil, his cousin, when he was twenty-four and she a child of five. Miss Freeland and Marcus are very good friends in consequence of that recommendation. She chooses to regard him in the light of Miss Ainsleigh's guardian, a position properly belonging to his father, an unknown though highly respected Yorkshire clergyman.

She thinks nothing of his light speeches, except that they are not suited to Cambridge House, and may be injurious to Miss Ainsleigh. She looks up from Tupper's Philosophy.

"Mr. Serle wishes you to spend the day in London with his sister, my dear," she says stiffly. "I may assume, no doubt, that you would be pleased to accept the kind invitation?"

"Oh," cries Beryl, "that puts a very different complexion on your visit, Marcus! Do please let me go, Miss Freeland. You will, won't you? I'm sure you cannot be so cruel as to refuse!"

The girl has risen and run to Miss Freeland, and thrown herself down on her knees by the schoolmistress in a pretty imploring attitude.

She is an eager excited child now, quite different from the staid young lady who chillingly greeted "cousin Marcus."

"You have had so many holidays lately," reflects Miss Freeland, smiling in spite of herself at the sweet pretty flushed face.

"You must let her come to-day, Miss Freeland," interposes Mr. Serle. "My sister wants her particularly, and she shall come back by the 6.30 train."

"Well, I suppose I must consent!" says Miss Freeland graciously. "If Mrs. Carrington wants you, Beryl, you may go; so prepare yourself at once to be ready to accompany your cousin by the next through train."

"Oh, thank you!" exclaims Beryl joyously. "How good of you! And isn't Philippa to come too, cousin Marcus?"

"My dear!" interrupts Miss Freeland gently.

"Theodora did not mention Miss Gordon this time," answers Marcus Serle very shortly.

"It is as well," said Miss Freeland, "for I could not certainly have allowed her to go to-day."

"Poor Philippa!" says Beryl. "I believe she enjoys our visits almost more than I do."

And, between joy for herself and grief for her friend, Beryl scarcely knows whether to smile or be sorrowful as she leaves the room.

Miss Freeland does not altogether approve of Miss Ainsleigh's visits to London; but Miss Ainsleigh is too valuable a pupil to be sternly dealt with; and, since her guardian and her guardian's daughter, Mrs. Carrington, approve these interruptions to Beryl's studies and these journeyings to and from the city with Mr. Serle, it is no business of the schoolmistress, while Mr. Serle pays her heavy fees ungrudgingly.

It is only lately that the Carringtons have taken Beryl in hand, Beryl is leaving Cambridge House at midsummer.

Theodora Serle made a great social success when she, the only daughter of the village clergyman, married the wealthy city merchant George Carrington, and left the vicarage of Shipton Magna in Yorkshire to rule the handsome house in Rutland Square, Kensington.

She has no children, so that her time is entirely her own for visiting and making the most of her money and good looks; and lately she has manifested a great desire for Beryl Ainsleigh's company.

Several times she has come to Cambridge House to fetch the girl, at others she sends a maid, with a daintily scented note for Miss Freeland, or her brother.

To Beryl the large house, the artistic furniture, the kind indulgences showered upon her, are a delightful variety from school-life, and she only wishes she could live with cousin Theodora instead of going to the Shipton Vicarage; but this, she is given to understand, is not to be.

It is supposed she would not be in her proper place as a permanent resident at the house of her cousin's husband, although Mr. Carrington is always glad to see her on visit.

On these occasions Theodora devotes herself almost entirely to the happiness of Beryl; she never invites any one to meet her, except Marcus Serle.

Marcus is always there; indeed, it seems it is he who is continually thinking of what can be done to entertain Beryl and make her life pleasant.

And, young, rich, and lovely, it does not seem hardly probable that Beryl Ainsleigh will pass a life otherwise than very pleasant.

According to Mrs. Carrington there would never be a cloud over her path had Marcus the sole direction of the way; but Mrs. Carrington cannot see far into the future.

* * * * * *

A tempting luncheon, set out with the whitest of damask and the brightest of silver, in a pretty little morning-room, from which a long window, veiled in creamy lace curtains, leads into the garden—a room that always seems cheerful and sunny, and is as different as possible from the stiff dining-room at Cambridge House—awaits the girl.

Theodora Carrington welcomes her with effusive affection. She is a tall handsome woman, having a certain likeness to her brother in her firm-set mouth and chin, but with a brilliant complexion, and dark hair in clustering curls on her well formed forehead.

She wears a trailing morning-dress of crimson cashmere profusely trimmed with white lace—a style of costume which becomes her well-moulded figure better than the puffs and frillings in vogue.

"How good of you to think of me so often!" says Beryl gratefully, when luncheon is over, and she is lying back in one of the soft, easy, lounging-chairs that abound in Mrs. Carrington's house, and are conspicuous by their absence in Miss Freeland's establishment.

"My love, you must not thank me," said Mrs. Carrington, who is languidly sorting her crewel-wools. "It was Marcus who thought of you and wanted to be off to Cambridge House when he ought to have been deep in Blackstone."

"It was awfully kind of you cousin Marcus;" Beryl turns to the young man beside her. "But would you like to dive into Blackstone now? I can give you till six o'clock."

"Thank you. I am very happy where I am," answers Marcus.

"Ungrateful girl!" laughs Theodora. "Is that all the reward you give your cavalier? We are going to take you for a drive directly, Beryl. Where shall it be? Piccadilly and shops, or the hyacinth-show, or the matinee at the Thespian?"

"Oh, the theatre, please!" says Beryl. "For that is the most unlike school."

"I suppose you will be very glad to leave school, Beryl?" Theodora asks.

Beryl pauses. She is not particularly enthusiastic on the subject.

"I suppose so," she responds slowly. "It will be nice to be done with lessons and go out and all that; but, you know, I have got very fond of dear old Cambridge House; and, though Mr. Serle has been very kind to me, I don't know him, and I don't like the idea of Yorkshire a bit. I wish he would come to London. No; I can't say I want the first of July to come."

"But if," Theodora says, "instead of going to my father at Shipton Magna Vicarage—and it is dull there, I won't deny, and no one knows better than I do—you were coming to live in a charming house in London, to do exactly what you liked, go to the theatre every other night, to balls and concerts without number, and be introduced at Court next spring?"

"That would be preferable to the monotonous life at Shipton Vicarage," laughs Beryl. A faint hope that her cousin is about to propose receiving her enters her mind. "I like that picture, Theo; but what is the use of tantalising me? Perhaps when I am twenty-one—but then I shall have to get a dragon of a chaperon to rule me."

"There is a way by which you might escape the chaperon and the four years' waiting too," suggests Theodora, smiling and watching her closely.

Beryl looks up brightly and eagerly.

"You might get married," says Theodora.

"Oh," cries Beryl, deeply disappointed, "is that the only way, Theo? I shall not be in a hurry to escape in that manner. You see, I shall set out with the assurance that it is only my money people care for."

"Somebody will soon teach you the folly of that notion," smiles Theo.

"It will have to be somebody with money enough to prove his sincerity," says the girl laughing, yet with a little toss of her head. "I want my own for better objects than penniless young men. Oh, I have been warned against them, cousin Theo!"

"What nonsense!" breaks in Marcus suddenly and angrily. "If that is the kind of rubbish that old fool Miss Freeland teaches you, the sooner you leave the better!"

Beryl turns her big round eyes on Mr. Serle, and stares earnestly at him. She is not very fond of her cousin Marcus, though she has never acknowledged the fact to herself.

He is very kind to her; but she does not feel at ease beneath the gaze of those heavy-lidded eyes. Then she smiles, and softly says—

"Poor Miss Freeland! No; it is not she. But I thought you would be glad I was so cautious, Marcus—you a lawyer!"

"Marcus," interrupts Mrs. Carrington, in her soft tones, "would you please order the carriage?"

There is no need for Mr. Serle to leave the room to obey the behest; but he understands the curve of his sister's eyebrows, and goes, frowning the while.

Theodora Carrington is too valuable a sister to the young barrister to be disobeyed.

"Why is Marcus so cross with me!" asks Beryl.

"My dear little girl," says Theo caressingly, "he does not like such worldly notions to be put into your pretty head. Don't you know, Beryl dear, that a poor man may love you as truly and well as a rich one? Follow the dictates of your heart, love, and never fear the result."

"That is not what Philippa says," answers Beryl candidly. "She says I must never listen to a poor man, because I cannot tell whether he cares for me or my money."

"I am afraid you are over-estimating your future income, dear," says Mrs. Carrington gravely. "You know nothing of the expenses of life. Your poor little estate is as nothing compared with those of hundreds and thousands of charming girls."

"All the more reason why I should not share it," laughs Beryl carelessly. "I want to marry a title, Theo; I should so like to be Lady Something."

But her thoughts have flown from the uninteresting subject.

"Theo, why didn't you ask Philippa to come to-day?" she says coaxingly. "You have no idea how she enjoys coming here."

"Very possibly," says Theodora coolly. "But I am not sure Miss Gordon is a desirable companion for you, my dear."

"She is the kindest, handsomest girl in the whole school!" cries Beryl indignant at this attack on her friend. "She used to befriend me when I was little. What can you possibly have to say against her?"

Theodora inclines her head, as if in acceptance of the correction.

"If you please, my love, we will not discuss her merits just now," she replies. "Come and get ready to go out, child, and see if you like the new opera-glass Marcus has bought for you."

Though Beryl feels hurt at Theodora's words, she is charmed with the mother-of-pearl opera-glass, and at the play speedily forgets her ruffled temper, and is wholly devoted to the fortunes of the stage heroine.

There is not much worldly wisdom within that gracefully poised golden head. Marcus is in his element at the theatre, and devotes himself to his pretty cousin, telling her who are all the distinguished people present; and, if either has been angry with the other, the anger has evidently quite passed away.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN they return to Kensington there is a delightful five-o'clock tea in Mrs. Carrington's smaller drawing-room; and then Mr. Serle is commissioned by his sister to cut Beryl a pretty bouquet of flowers in the conservatory.

It is a small conservatory; but there is plenty of plate-glass about to reflect the ferns and camellias and other choice plants, and among the waving fronds a miniature lake shyly reveals itself.

The glimpses from it of the large drawing-room, with its low velvet fauteuils, artistic hangings, pictures, and pretty ornaments, and soft bright colors, and the ferns and flowers around her, bring a sigh to Beryl's lips.

"Oh, how happy Theodora must be!" she exclaims.

"It was not a very bad exchange from Shipton Magna Vicarage," Marcus admits.

It is strange that Marcus and his sister never place her future home in an attractive light before Beryl. She has never seen it, and they might have made her believe it very delightful; but she almost hates it.

She has a growing horror of the dull, distant village, and likes to forget its existence.

"I would live in a house just like this, if I could," Beryl goes on, watching Marcus cut the light fronds of a rare fern for her bouquet.

"Would you?" Marcus smiles very pleasantly. "I think of taking one in this square Beryl."

"You!" cries Beryl smiling. "Why, Marcus, what do you want with a whole house?"

"I want the prettiest house in London," says Marcus, "for I am thinking of getting married."

"Oh!" exclaims Beryl, subdued, but greatly interested. "May I ask who the lady is?"

"The prettiest, best, and most charming in England," answers Marcus.

"I wonder Theo has not told me," Beryl says. "Is it all arranged?"

"Not at all. I have not asked her yet."

"And do you think she will have you?" asks Beryl.

"I do not know," says Marcus, coming nearer the girl. "I hope so. I will devote my whole life to making her happy if she consents. Do you think she will, Beryl?"

The last sentence is soft and low. He is close beside her now, and would have taken her hand; but she is bending over a plant, fingering a blossom intently.

There is a strange flutter at her heart, and the hand trembles. Child as she is, she cannot but perceive something of his meaning yet she tries to hide it from herself.

She shrinks from him with a sudden feeling of fear, and at the same time laughs a hurried jarring little laugh.

"How can I possibly tell how far somebody may be deluded?" she answers, never looking towards Marcus for a moment. "I hope she is well off, cousin Marcus, and will pay the rent of your nice house!"

He bites his lip angrily, but answers quickly—

"I want nothing but love from her, Beryl—nay, nothing but acceptance of mine. I wish she were as poor as the proverbial beg-

gar-maid; but be sure I will not touch a penny of hers!"

"But you are not King Cophetua!" says Beryl innocently. "Don't you think it is as well she is rich?"

"My dear Beryl," he answers, trying to keep back the anger in his voice—and the knowledge that she is right does not improve his temper—"her money is nothing to me—in fact, it is not worth speaking of; I shall have twice the amount in another year or two."

"Ah, Marcus," laughs the girl—for she is almost at her ease again now, and has shaken off the sudden fright, since Marcus is surely more cousinly than lover-like—"I pity the lady! You are the kind of young man I am to beware of; but I will not undeceive her if she believes in you. I should know better if any of your barrister friends came near me!"

She turns round; her smiling eyes meet his. His brows are knitted, his lips set, and she turns away again; but this time he seizes her wrist.

"Stop Beryl!" he cries. "You are trying to drive me mad, I think! You know I love you; you know it is you I want, and not the hateful gold you throw into my face! Is it womanly, is it generous, to taunt me with my poverty? Is it womanlike, is it true to the instincts of your own heart to send me away because you are richer than I? Yes, it is—woman's faith and woman's trust! They have never existed save in men's fancy!"

He speaks rapidly and fiercely, and holds the little hand tightly in his own. She stands before him with downcast frightened eyes, trembling in every limb.

A flush of shame and sorrow has come upon her, her cheeks crimson, and her eyes are filled with tears.

"Marcus, Marcus," she says imploringly; "forgive me! I did not mean it. It was very, very wicked of me to say such things; but indeed I did not intend to wound you!"

"And you love me, Beryl?"

He tries to take the other hand; but she holds back.

"You will be my wife, and we will live near Theodora, and you shall be my little queen."

"No," answers Beryl clearly, raising her limpid blue eyes to his face; "I cannot marry you, Marcus, because I do not love you. But I beg your pardon for speaking as I did. I was very thoughtless and very rude."

Beryl evidently thinks her error more serious than her cousin's disappointment was.

"You would learn," he says, "to love me. I would teach you by my own true love."

"I don't think it can be taught," says Beryl softly.

"You have been dreaming in your school ignorance," he answers her. "You do not know the world. Life is not like novels and poetry. Marry me, and I will give you everything you can desire—a splendid house, carriages, dress, and jewelry, and all a woman can desire."

"Is that all a woman wants?" says Beryl. "Ah, Marcus, you may be right; but I am only a girl! You are very good to me, better than I deserve, I know; but I can never care for you in that way."

"Never, Beryl?"

"Never, cousin Marcus."

He lets her hand fall. He recognises the decisiveness of the tone.

"You will rue it some day," he says quietly—so quietly that, but for the expression of his eyes, it would have seemed that there was no feeling behind the words. "Go, catch your title, and the fool who will believe it is himself you care for; but you will repent this day before you die!"

Beryl holds her head, with crimson cheeks and flashing eyes, very high; but she does not speak or look at him, only passes by him into the drawing-room.

Miss Ainsleigh does not return by the 6.30 train to Cambridge House, Essing. She wants to be away at once, after that interview with Marcus; but Theodora will not have it so.

She says little, but she can generally get her way without many words; she betrays no knowledge of what has passed, and does not seek to draw Beryl's confidence. But she pets her perhaps a little more than usual, and tries to bring back her ease and gaiety.

For Beryl is only a girl, as she has said, and Marcus has but startled and disquieted her; and by-and-by, as she sits in the bright drawing-room, and Theo sings the latest songs to her and tells her the latest gossip, the frightened pulses grow calmer.

Then Marcus reappears. There is no trace of anger or disappointment about him; he is perfectly cool and composed, and tells Beryl an amusing story he has lately heard. And she begins to think she must have been dreaming.

It seems taken for granted that he will return with her to Essing, for he considers the hour too late for a maid's protection to suffice; besides, laughs Theodora, he will surely have to win Miss Freeland's forgiveness.

Mrs. Carrington drives with them to the station, and sees Beryl comfortably ensconced in a first-class car with the *Illustrated London News* to read; and Marcus retires behind the *Evening Standard* in a far corner, prepared to make his company as little objectionable as possible. There is no one else in the car; but, as the train starts, a passenger jumps in and seats himself immediately opposite Marcus.

"How do you do, Serle?" he says, as the train moves off, tapping Serle familiarly on the arm.

Marcus looks up, apparently not overpleased.

"How do you do?" he responds.

His *vis-a-vis* is a young man of five or six-and-twenty, and he is noticeably handsome. He has a pale face, and black hair worn rather longer than is the custom, eyes that are bright and dark, yet that have about them indications of ill-health, and a long black moustache. He may be consumptive, Beryl thinks, or he may be a poet. He has long white hands, adorned rather lavishly with rings; but she does not note the superabundance.

She watches him half-unconsciously from behind her *News*, and thinks him, as well she may, distinguished-looking, and wonders where Marcus has met him. They seem very intimate, though her cousin's manner is not so pleasant as the stranger's; Marcus' manner, she reflects, is not generally attractive; and then she feels guilty at cherishing such a thought of her cousin, and reads "G. A. S.'s" "Echoes" intently.

The two men continue talking at the other end of the car; but the conversation never reaches her; possibly Marcus does not intend that it shall. Presently she lays down her paper and peers out into the darkness.

They stop with a jerk at a small station, and she discovers that the night-air is chill and the window slightly open. She attempts to close it; but, like all railway-car windows, it obstinately resists such efforts and slips down again. Beryl is about to try once more, when she finds her cousin's friend beside her, taking the sash line from her hand with a courteous word and smile. She thanks him; and, when he goes back, he hands *Punch* to Marcus.

"Perhaps the young lady would like to look at this?" he says.

"Oh, no, thanks; I think not," replies Marcus. "She has seen it, I believe. You have plenty to read, Beryl?" he adds, without any interrogation in his voice.

"Thank you; no, I did not get it," she says, timidly. "I should like to see it; I have read all through the *Illustrated News*."

Marcus passes *Punch* to her, frowning, and vouchsafes no further remark to either his cousin or his friend.

Five minutes more and they are at Essing. Marcus is out before the train has stopped, and holds his hand out to Beryl. She pauses for a moment, then turns to give *Punch* to its owner.

"I am very much obliged to you," she says, gravely.

She does not heed his answer, but hastily descends on to the platform, and walks with Marcus through the little station and down the country road in silence.

Then Beryl's girlish curiosity breaks forth.

"Marcus, who was that gentleman?"

"An acquaintance of mine," answers Marcus, curtly.

"But what is his name?"

"D'Arcy"—still more curtly.

"He looks clever," she says, a little hesitatingly. "Is he a poet?"

"I never heard that he was," Marcus replies, in a sneering tone. "Possibly he may add that to his other accomplishments. I suppose, looking at young ladies' delight in poetry, that means you thought him a fascinating individual?"

"I thought he was handsome," she says, more boldly, stung into defiance, "and looked clever and rather distinguished. You appear to know him very well."

"Oh, yes," returns Marcus, "I know him pretty well. You have shown your usual discrimination in fathoming his distinctions. When he succeeds to the family Count-ship I will introduce him to you, unless, indeed, you look higher, for he is not entitled to rank in England. Until that period, at least, I must deprive myself of the pleasure."

"Is he French?" asks Beryl, hearing her cousin's words, but not heeding greatly the mood in which they are uttered.

"His illustrious father got into trouble—political, of course—and emigrated, or doubtless he would have been French," Marcus answers, as he rings the bell at Cambridge House. "I am sorry to abruptly terminate so pleasing a subject, my dear cousin; but I suppose it would not interest Miss Freeland?"

* * * * * *

Several weeks elapse ere any message from Kensington comes to Cambridge House. The last day there still weighs heavily on Beryl's mind and makes her distracted and listless at work. She has no one to whom she can confide her troubles. Generally she has taken them, such as they were, to Philippa Gordon, but of her last visit she has said nothing. Philippa is not much older, but she is so much wiser and more experienced, and it is she herself whose wisdom has warned Beryl so well against fortune-seeking lovers.

At last a little note comes from Theodora, brought by the maid. It asks Beryl to Rutland Square, "simply for a little talk," and specially states that Theodora will be perfectly alone.

It now wants only six weeks to the summer holidays at Cambridge House, and Beryl is looking forward with a mingling of curiosity and dread to being the housekeeper of her uncle in his quiet home, and the Lady Bountiful of the village.

Theodora welcomes her as affectionately as ever, and seats her in the low blue satin and ebony chair by the light table covered with books, in the little room full of sunshine and the scent of flowers.

"There is some news to tell you, dear," says Theo, sitting down beside her; "and I thought I would rather see you than write. It is not very pleasant news, Beryl, and it will, I am afraid, make a good deal of difference to you."

"What is it?" asks Beryl, wonderingly.

"It will surprise you, I am sure," Mrs. Carrington continues. "It was a great shock to me, and Marcus also—poor Marcus!"—the last softly, as though to herself. "My father is going to marry again, dear, and he has chosen a widow with several children. I cannot understand it at all at his age; but so it is."

She does not consider it necessary to add that the widow has money, and that Mr. Serle, senior, may have some of his son's prudence.

"I suppose he finds it lonely. But it must make a great difference to your home, Beryl."

Beryl assents drearily. The bright colors are vanishing fast from her future.

"I have always thought," Theodora goes on, with a little smile, "of you as the sweet mistress of that old house, as my father's pet and housekeeper; but this alters things sadly. You will not like it so well, Beryl, to have a stranger put over you, and a houseful of children to face!"

"Oh, Theodora," cries Beryl, in sudden anguish, "can't I come and live with you?"

"Dear child, you must consider that out of the question at present," says Theo, smiling. "But there is another way, Beryl," she adds, taking the girl's hand between her own white jewelled fingers. "There is another way—you know what it is? Ah, he told you the last time you came here, and you were cruel, I know! But you are only a child, and you had no time to think, dear. Marcus, for all his lawyer's tongue, cannot plead his own cause well, and I think he frightened you; but if you could guess all that you would be to him, love!"

Mrs. Carrington knows she would be three thousand a year at least.

"I could not help it, Theodora," says Beryl, in low constrained tones.

"But have you thought of it again? Have you thought of it seriously, Beryl. I know girls' dreams: but, believe me, dear, they never come true in real life. Perhaps he spoke too soon. He should have waited until you had seen a little of the world, but he was too anxious to wait. And he knew this news was coming, and wanted to save you from the dull weary life he dreaded for you in Yorkshire."

Then Mrs. Carrington draws, and draws very cleverly, companion contrasting pictures of Beryl's life in Shipton Magna Vicarage and Beryl's life as Mrs. Serle, living in Kensington, lovely and loved, with nothing but happiness and luxury around her. She paints the pictures with effective lights and shades, and then draws a portrait of Marcus in soft glowing colors. He is so good and clever, so fond of Beryl, so certain to rise high in the world, already thought so much of, and advancing so rapidly to the distinguished position now close at hand—perhaps a judgeship, with five or ten thousand a year, or the even greater glory of becoming a leading barrister with fees of two hundred a day. There are dozens of beautiful and charming girls who would accept with delight at any moment the proffer of Marcus Serle's hand, and there are mothers angling for and courting him, for they know he is one in a thousand—in ten thousand. But Beryl is the only wife who can complete his happiness, and will be envied by every other maiden.

Beryl listens and sighs.

She likes the thought of the pretty London house and the companionship of Theodora; and the other side of the picture, the Vicarage on the moors, makes her heart sink within her.

But, when Theo pauses and looks into her face, there is only sadness in the large clear eyes; and the girl answers simply—

"He is very good, Theo; but I do not love him."

Theodora turns aside to hide the look of irritation and contempt she cannot keep from her countenance. Then, with a smile, she pats Beryl's cheek and kisses it.

"Don't be in such a hurry to answer, my dear child; think it over—think of what I have said. We will not be in haste for an answer, in spite of poor Marcus' anxiety. Your uncle writes that his marriage and trip will interfere with the time fixed for your return; so we must arrange for Miss Freeland to keep you during the holidays, as I shall be away next month."

CHAPTER III.

VERY soon those holidays come. Beryl is still mournful and dejected. She has had a vague childlike hope that something would have happened to brighten her prospects, to keep her from the dismal Northern village; a faint thought that she would at last be asked to live with Theodora; but that, she supposes, after all that has passed with regard to Marcus, is quite impossible.

She has one comfort. Philippa Gordon is going to stay at Cambridge House during the holidays—Philippa, who has been her chief friend ever since she, a timid, shrinking little child, was first introduced to Miss Freeland's seminary.

Philippa is tall and robust, with a fine handsome figure which makes her look more than her eighteen years, and far older than seventeen-year-old Beryl. She has a quantity of light brown hair, round blue-gray eyes, which look out unfalteringly and unflinchingly into the world, a large firmly-set mouth with thick red lips, and a pale creamy skin that never blushes nor seems to vary.

In return for Philippa's many little kindnesses, Beryl wins for her favor with Miss Freeland and invitations from Mrs. Carrington, and has pleasant dreams of the days when Philippa shall be her constant companion, when the second act of her life opens to discover her as the independent and rich young lady in London. But four years is a long time, especially when it is to be spent in a moorland village.

At Kensington, Philippa has, of course, met Marcus Serle, and Mrs. Carrington is not certain that the frequent invitations have been wise. Simply tolerating Miss Gordon's existence on her own part, she has been inclined to ignore the fact that the girl is handsome and ambitious, and far more of a woman than her age warrants. Philippa has nothing of the bread-and-butter school-miss about her; indeed, for the last year or so, she has been junior teacher at Miss Freeland's.

They are walking together on one of the country-roads outside Essing—these two alone, for everyone else is away, and Beryl could not be kept indoors for want of a more responsible chaperon. Besides, Miss Freeland herself is taking holiday, and her lieutenant—Mrs. Richardson—does not choose to be bothered with periodical walks out of season.

"I wonder," says Philippa, meditatively, after a brief pause—"I wonder Mrs. Carrington has not wanted to have you to live with her. She seems so very fond of you, Beryl."

It is the first time that Philippa has alluded to the Kensington establishment since Beryl's last visit there.

Beryl has not yet learnt to veil her feelings.

She colors suddenly.

Miss Gordon watches her.

"I thought as much," she says to herself; "she fancies Marcus Serle is in love with her." Then aloud, coolly, "Perhaps it is as well. You would have been sacrificed to your cousin, or some other penniless heiress-hunter."

"Oh, Philippa!" exclaims Beryl, very reproachful, and coloring yet more deeply. "You must not talk in that way of my cousin; please don't, dear. He is very good and very clever, and will be a great deal richer than I am, before long."

"I am glad to hear it," answers Philippa, carelessly.

And, in truth, she is glad.

"If only I had my money now," Beryl goes on, in regretful accents, "and you and I could live together, and do as we like, and you not trouble about teaching, how nice it would be!"

"But we cannot," responds Philippa. "Let us enjoy our youth, my dear, and gather some wild roses while yet we may."

The hedgerows are fragrant with the dainty pink blossoms, and the banks of this country lane are starred with sapphire-blue speedwell and white satin-flowers, while now and again comes a golden bed of honey-scented bed-straw or a flaming scarlet poppy, out before the wheat is ripe, as if the sun's wooing rays were so ardent that the bursting sepals can keep it hidden no longer.

Beryl pulls the flowers in the hedgerows with a shade of melancholy on her face, for she is thinking of the near future, when she is to be sent to the bleak moorland home in Yorkshire; but, following the example of the lark above, she half-unconsciously begins to sing, softly at first, then louder and clearer.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A REMARKABLE FEAT.—Many years ago, I met a young officer of my acquaintance belonging to a regiment just returned from India, writes a well-known English writer. "He was an Irishman, and we will call his name Burke, and the regiment the 148th Foot. Spiritualism was then a general subject of conversation, as it was coming into vogue, and the unbelief of the eighteenth century was being succeeded by the (in some cases, perhaps) general credulity of the nineteenth. Well, this young lieutenant, whose regiment was stationed at Northampton, related some stories of his own experience in India. I shall give them as nearly as possible in his own words. 'You have, no doubt,' he said, 'heard of the Indian conjurers and the wonderful tricks they profess to perform by magic. I had, of course, heard of these men, but supposed they were merely clever conjurers who excelled in slight of hand; and having never met any of them, being but just arrived in the country, I expected when I saw any of them perform to see a number of tricks similar but probably inferior, to those of Professor Anderson.

"'One morning my native servant informed me that one of these men was standing outside the bungalow, and wished to know whether I would like to see his performance. To this I acceded. The native, a fine-looking specimen of his race, after going through a number of feats not much dissimilar to those witnessed at an ordinary conjuring performance, except that his apparatus was of the simplest description, very different from the elaborate paraphernalia of an English conjuror, called for a bucket of water, and asked me if there was any place I should particularly wish to see. I asked him to show me a particular room in my father's house in Ireland, choosing this as a place he had never seen, and that it was morally impossible he could form the least idea of, and fully expected he would find some means of evading the task. What was my surprise when, without being in the least noticed, he requested me to look in the bucket of water, and I distinctly saw the room in question, with all its furniture complete and true in every particular, down to the minutest detail.

"'How this was accomplished I cannot say but I certainly saw it.'"

JAMES CLARY, a notorious burglar, who was fatally shot by an officer in Erie recently, stated to the police that his wife "had warned him of his fate, having seen him dead in a dream."

THE BETTER HOME.

BY WILLIAM MACKINTOSH.

It is the time for thousands full of glee,
To visit country haunts or seek the sea;
Yet e'en when traveled as their fancies tend,
Perhaps they feel while back their courses bend,
A keener joy in growing nearer home,
Than filled their breasts on going forth to roam.

So with the craft of life on this dim shore.
When safe in port and all it's journey o'er,
The sweetest joy ever to the soul unknown,
May be in sailing to that fairer zone—
On eager wings to cleave the starlit dome,
Back to the glory of its better home.

My Charming Nurse.

BY PHYLLIS.

A WARM bright day in golden June; a Park; a rushing of dainty wind soft and pure, such as one seldom feels in this smoky London of to-day and over all a brilliant sun, grown droway now, as it seeks its rest, and sinks languorously into the fond arms of evening.

The stream of carriages is growing thinner; the Princess has disappeared. One young man, riding a handsome chestnut in a somewhat careless fashion, as though his thoughts were elsewhere, quits the Row, and turns towards the ugliest thing in creation.

Having reached the Albert Memorial, he passes through the gate a little further on, and finds himself presently in the midst of a hopeless jangle, composed of cabs, hansoms, drags, and so forth.

Something in the jangle disagrees with the chestnut's temper. She starts, throws up her sleek head into the very midst of her master's day-dreams, makes a false step and comes heavily to the ground, flinging her rider, with a horrible crash, right under the wheels of a passing carriage.

It is all done in a moment. There is a cry from the bystanders, a vain attempt to make a clear space, and then a senseless form, soiled and disfigured with dust and blood, is raised by half a dozen rough, if kindly, hands, and conveyed to the nearest hospital.

They pull the bell, and the door being opened, they enter with their ghastly burden, and lay it down within the hall; it is all that remains of the careless gay young man, so full of happy life, who had left the Park only a short while ago.

The house-surgeon, passing through the long hall at this moment, casts a sharp glance at the unsightly object on the bench.

"What is this?" asks he; and, coming nearer, bends over it. His face changes. "Good heavens! It is Sir Rawdon Dare!" he exclaims, in a horrified tone. "Send the matron here at once. See what has happened," he says presently, as a tall handsome woman comes hurriedly up to him. His tone, though low, is agitated.

"An accident?" says she, stooping, in turn over the prostrate Baronet.

"And a very serious one. It is Sir Rawdon Dare. Is there a special ward?"

"One empty."

"There is a touch of curiosity in her look as she examines the death-like features beneath her.

"Let him be taken there. It is impossible he can be conveyed to his own house in his present state."

"It is a chance whether he will ever be conveyed there alive," says the matron, turning away to give her orders.

"There is another thing," says the surgeon, detaining her. "He must have a careful nurse. You can recommend one from the wards?"

"Certainly," says the matron, pausing as if to consider. There is a good deal of kindly interest in her compassionate, if somewhat austere, face, as she gazes at the poor crushed figure; just as kindly, however, would she have looked at him had he been the veriest beggar that crawls the streets. "There is Nurse Eva," she says hastily; "she can undertake the case. She is both careful and sympathetic."

And now the wounded man, mercifully oblivious to his pain, is carried by experienced tender hands to a small private ward and laid upon a bed.

The doctors cluster round him. A young woman in hospital cap and apron comes quietly into the room, and stands beside the bed. She glances earnestly at her patient.

Surely that poor blood-bestained creature can have no life in him? There is a long pause; then one of the doctors, who has been stooping over the senseless figure, lifts his head.

"He is not dead yet," he says.

There is little or no hope in his very low tone.

After a long sleep, as it seemed to him, the sick man woke. He lay silently gazing at the four white walls of the small room in which that strange sleep had taken place, but without wondering why he was there. Thinking, as yet, was too great a task; and so he put it from him.

The window was open, and beyond, in the outside distance, there was a waving of green branches, and from still farther on there came to him the subdued roar of unsubdued populace.

Inside there was some very curious furniture—or, at least, so he thought it, as his languid glance traveled over it; a huge branch of crimson roses on a small table, a wicker chair, and a girl.

The girl's head was turned from him towards the window. Her body also slightly bent in its direction. It occurred to him that she must be lost in thought.

The idle way in which her hands lay upon her lap helped him, too, to this conclusion.

As he watched her, a little sooty sparrow perched upon the window-sill, and looked at her knowingly out of his small eye. She rose, found some bread-crumbs in a funny little cupboard, and returned with them to the window.

Of course, when she got there the bird was gone. She seemed in nowise disconcerted by this, but sat down and fell back again into her former thoughtful attitude, and then presently not one but three little sparrows came and carried away some of her donation.

She had not glanced at the bed when getting her crumbs, believing her patient to be dozing; but he, watching her with newly-opened eyes, had seen her face.

It was a revelation! It was beauty perfected! He lay quite still after he had seen it, dwelling with a drowsy pleasure on the remembrance of it until some minutes had gone by, and then a growing desire to see it again took possession of him.

He felt still so weak and tired that he shrank from giving his voice sound, to attract her attention, he clutched feebly at the bedclothes, and then made a sorry effort to tap upon the quilt.

In a moment she was alert and eager. She came quickly to him, and bent over him.

"Why, this is good news," she said, in a low, exquisitely soft voice, and with a smile, "You are beginning to be yourself again, are you not? No, do not answer; I know what you would say; I understand you quite."

She laid her hand with a soothing touch upon his forehead; she settled his pillows, and then, going to the door, pressed her fingers on a knob in the wall outside. This brought the house-surgeon to her in a few minutes.

"Come," said he cheerily, nodding at the patient "this is well; you are to be congratulated, nurse. Our patient's getting on, eh?—eh?"

He said "eh?" a good many times in a pondering fashion, and then took the nurse aside and whispered to her in quite a confidential manner.

As he did so, it occurred to Sir Rawdon, in quite a feeble inconsequent way not to be accounted for, that he hated the house-surgeon! Nurse, he had called her. With that face—a nurse!

Of course she wasn't a lady, poor thing; but with those little white slender hands to be—a nurse! And with that charming figure and that high-bred—"No, no, thanks, old man, nothing more. See you by and by at Lady Stanhope's. Look out, Alys: those bull-terriers are often treacherous—" and so on, again falling into the old delirious state and babbling over of this Alys, whose name had been so frequently on his lips all through his illness.

The nurse was soon at his side again directly.

"You must expect these little relapses for a while," said the surgeon with encouragement, patting her very kindly on the shoulder.

* * * * *

Then there came a week when he felt much stronger, and could lie contentedly gazing at his nurse with certain recognition in his eyes, and no fear of its slipping away from him.

"When may I go?" he asked her suddenly one morning, when she was giving him his breakfast. His question was somewhat ungraciously put.

He was, indeed, a little querulous at time; but she, accustomed to the vagaries of sick people, didn't appear to mind it.

"Not for a short while yet," she said. She spoke to him with the intonation one might use to a fractious child, and with a lenient smile. "Are you tired of us already?"

"Not tired of you—no."

"But you want to get back to the other life? Of course it is only natural."

Did a faint, faint sigh escape her here? "Your friends want to get you back there too."

"It is hardly that," said he quickly. "It is more—that I want to feel myself—myself again. A man! I am sick of coddling, and physic, and so forth."

This, too, was ungracious, and he knew it when the words had passed his lips. He glanced at her furtively, to see if he had offended her; and though he would have been miserable had he succeeded in paining her, he was still angrily disconcerted at finding she had taken no heed whatsoever of his petulance.

"It is a matter of indifference to her whether I am pleasant or the reverse," he said to himself, with a frown.

"I am afraid you must be content with us for a week or two longer," she said brightly. "But that should not be so great a hardship to you. In your present state, how could you be better off there and here?"

She was looking frankly into his eyes, and the beauty of her expression killed his small touch of rancor.

"I should be worse off," he said, flushing warmly; "I should be without my kind nurse."

"No; we supply nurses to private cases. You would probably have had one in your own home as good as I am," returned she calmly.

"Still, it wouldn't be you," said he. Then, "do you like the life here?"

"Yes."

There was as much No as Yes in this answer, and it puzzled him.

"It is a hard life," he said.

"Most lives are hard," returned she sententiously.

This checked him for a time, but the demon of curiosity having made him his prey, he was compelled to go on again.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Nurse Eva."

"I know that. I shall never"—gratefully—"forget that. But your other name, I mean."

It had tormented him inconceivably in his sick moments to think it might be Smith or Jones.

There was a short, but eloquent pause. When it had gone by she turned and looked him fairly in the face.

"I have no other name," she said very icily.

She got up from her seat, and moved towards the window.

"I beg your pardon, I'm sure!" exclaimed he, horror-stricken with shame at his mistake. "I assure you I didn't mean it—I——"

"If you excite yourself you will have a relapse, and not be able to leave us even as soon as I have said," interrupted she, with increasing coldness. "Think of the misery of that, and compose yourself."

A suspicion of scorn in her manner checked further speech on his part. He turned on his side and feigned slumber. But he could not get her face out of his thoughts. That last little touch of hauteur had become her.

Strange to say for one in her class, it had suited her, had seemed to belong to her of right. What a brute he was to ask her such a question.

Surely she had a right to her own secrets; and yet—yet he wished now her name had been honest Jones or Smith, and that she had been able to say so.

But he had angered her, and could not sleep without her forgiveness. He was still so weak that sleep at all times was essential to him.

"Nurse," he said presently, in a tone that reminded him of the days when he was a schoolboy and in disgrace.

"Well," said she.

"I'm very sorry I said that," mumbled Sir Rawdon from beneath the bedclothes; "it was abominable of me."

He had now evidently come to the point when a good sound caning was reasonably to be expected.

"You want me to say I forgive you," said Nurse Eva softly, coming up to him again and looking down upon him. "Very good—I say it. Now go to sleep."

"You don't look as if you forgave," protested he anxiously. "If you could only know what I feel about it! You must think me so contemptible—and you so kind to me, and——"

"If that is all, be comforted. I do not think you contemptible," returned she; and even as she spoke a sweet soft smile overspread her lovely face, falling like a healing sunbeam on the repentant invalid. With a sigh of relief he closed his eyes, and sank into a refreshing slumber.

Then came a day when his nurse entered his room with a jubilant air. Perhaps it was rather too jubilant an air.

"Rise, prisoner," said she; "the hour of your release has arrived."

He answered her with a reproachful glance, but no word.

She laid the little breakfast-tray upon the table near, and began to busy herself with its contents.

"It seems a shame to give you any trouble, now I am so strong again," he said. "And yet—I like to see you doing that."

"You like to see me getting your breakfast ready? A very sensible fancy."

"You misunderstand me," he said hastily and then stopped abruptly. It was difficult to go on with those large clear eyes fixed coldly upon him. And, after all, what was it he wanted to say? Yet the very repellency of those eyes only made some vague unanalyzed feeling within his breast the more unendurable.

"Eva," he said suddenly, with a vehemence that suggested hidden passion.

She laid her tiny teapot down slowly, without a suspicion of agitation, and turned her eyes fully upon his.

"Nurse Eva," she said, with indescribable dignity.

She then gave him his tea, and arranged the tray as carefully as ever before him. If her hand trembled a little, she took great care it should not be seen.

As for him, he seemed dissatisfied with all she gave him, and toyed discontentedly with his food, and finally told her, almost rudely, to take it away from him.

"This is foolish," she said gravely. "You will want strength for your removal. Try to eat something."

"The very thought of my removal takes away my appetite," retorted he sullenly, rejecting with angry persistence the little dainty trifle she sought to press upon him.

Then the surgeon came in again, and felt his pulse, and asked a question or two, and went through the usual formula.

"All going on as well as we could wish," he said at last. "You have, indeed, made a wonderful recovery, my dear Sir Rawdon. Give you my word, there was a time when—eh? Well, and so the carriage is to be here for you at twelve? Hah, glad to run away from us."

"Is it safe for me to move to-day?" asked Sir Rawdon languidly. There was no languor, however, in the deep anxiety of his eyes. "I don't think I feel so well as I did yesterday."

"Eh? what? Pouf! nonsense, my dear sir!" said the surgeon gaily. "Invalid's tremors, nothing more. I tell you, you are getting out of our hands more hopefully every moment. We shall be ashamed to prescribe for you soon."

"Perhaps if my going were to be postponed until——"

"Not at all—nothing of the kind. The very change will do you good," said the surgeon cheerily. "Come, come now—speak to him, nurse."

"But supposing I should have a relapse—that would be unpleasant," said this remarkably careful young man.

"Eh? How is this, nurse?" said the surgeon, somewhat perplexed by his patient's pertinacity."

As he appealed to her, Sir Rawdon raised himself slightly on his elbow, and appealed to her too—with his dark eyes.

Her glance, passing from the surgeon's face to his, rested there for a moment. There was entreaty, longing, hope, and something far more than all these in his gaze. She turned away from it slowly, but resolutely.

"There will be no fear of a relapse," she said to the surgeon, in cold measured tones, her eyes bent upon the ground. "It is better, far better he should go to-day, as arranged."

A swift change altered the expression of Sir Rawdon's face. Whereas before it was almost humbly imploring, it was now proud and stern.

"To-day, then, be it, by all means," he said, in a decided tone. "The sooner the better;" after which he sank back with an angry jerk upon his pillow.

The surgeon laughed a little, and presently went away. The nurse busied herself in tidying the already scrupulously tidy room.

"In what mad haste you are to get rid of me!" said Sir Rawdon at last, finding the silence unbearable.

How cold, how calm, how unfeeling she appeared with that beautiful unreadable face of hers!

"You see I have your interests at heart," she said.

"Mine?"

"Yes. Do you forget how you were pining for your freedom only a short two weeks ago? Now it lies before you."

"You are ungenerous," he said. Then more slowly, "A fortnight is a long time. One may learn a great many things in it."

"True. You have learned to get well," said she quietly.

"More than that!"

He flushed a dark red, and held out his hand to her, "I have learned besides to——"

He paused with terrible, unmistakable suddenness. The color died from his face, and a quick pallor succeeded it. His very lips grew white because of the severity of his mental struggle.

What was it he had been about to do? To tell this nameless girl—this worse than nameless girl, who was ashamed to declare aloud her honest appellation—that he loved her? To ask her to be his wife! He, a Dare and the head of his house! His hand sank once more to his side, he breathed heavily, and at length, without looking at her, turned his face away from her to the wall. Here a bitter strife took place between his heart and him, but when it was ended his heart remained the victor, and he roused himself, and looked round for her.

Of her, however, he found the room empty. During that short but violent battle with prudence and affection, in which prudence had been slain, she had left him—had vanished, as it were.

In her chair sat a probationer, a young woman with pale eyes and a snub nose, and a generally afflicted air. He had seen this probationer before, and had amused himself at odd moments counting the number of aspirates she could drop in half an hour.

She spoke with a little snuffle in her throat, and was otherwise in many ways most hateful to him.

Now, the knowledge that Nurse Eva was never absent from him for longer than thirty minutes at a time became an intense consolation to him.

She would soon be here, and that odious young woman would vacate her chair, in which it seemed a positive sacrilege that should be allowed to sit. But the minutes crept on, and the half-hour grew into an hour, and the hour into two, and still the probationer sat on, and Nurse Eva made no sign.

The dragging hours were at first a bore to him, and at length became intolerable. And when the probationer rose, and declared it was time for him to rise, as the carriage would soon be here, and when a nurse from another ward came to assist her he was almost rude to them both.

But time was inexorable and wore away, and at last the carriage was announced, and two or three of his friends and relations came in to congratulate him and help him down to it.

The house-surgeon was present also, looking really pleased at his recovery. To him Sir Rawdon turned with a somewhat hurried air, and an amount of passionate anxiety he vainly tried to conceal.

"Where is Nurse Eva?" he said, his voice trembling slightly; "I cannot go until I bid her good-bye, and thank her—thank her for——"

He stopped, and cleared his throat very huskily.

"I'm afraid you can't see her to-day," said the surgeon, cheerfully. "She has been somewhat overworked of late, you see; so when she asked the matron, a couple of hours ago, to give her a holiday to take a run down to Putney, or somewhere, you may be sure she got no refusal. The matron—indeed we all think a good deal of her, and she did seem pale and fatigued, poor girl, when she came down from your room about ten o'clock. I'm glad the day is so fine, both for your sake and hers. She said, by the by, that you were so thoroughly convalescent that you would require her services

no longer. She seemed to me in bad spirits a little over-done, no doubt."

"No doubt," said Lare. He said even this with difficulty. Of course he understood it all! That brutal hesitation of his! What woman but would have taken fire be-death such an insult?

His manner in itself was unbearable, presupposing as it did that if he uttered his proposal it would of a surety be accepted. With what sweet dignity she had behaved! She had uttered no taunt, had looked no scorn.

She had only withdrawn herself, and taken measures to insure herself against the annoyance of ever being face to face with him again.

But it should not end here. Of that he was determined. He would at least see her once more, and compel her to believe that when his craven wavering had drawn to a close he knew himself to be hers, body and soul. He got down to the carriage some way and was driven home.

But he was a good deal worn out by the exertion of removing, and suffered a slight relapse that kept him to his bed for a week or so.

The familiar scenes were now, too, changed to him, and touched him as being barren and wanting in many ways.

When he rallied a bit, and found himself in possession of a little of his former strength the first use he made of it was to drive straight to the hospital.

He was shown into the matron's room, where he thanked her courteously, if a little absently, for the care conferred upon him whilst under her roof. After that he said casually that he thought he should like to thank his nurse also. It was with a paling cheek he said this, and with eyes downcast.

"Nurse Eva?" said the matron. "O, she left us quite a fortnight ago. We were all so sorry to lose her, she was such an excellent nurse. I am sure you too, Sir Rawdon—with a smile—"will have a good word for her on that score."

"Left!"

It was all Sir Rawdon could say.

"Yes; almost the day after you did."

"You know her address, perhaps?"

When he asked this, he felt like a drowning man grasping at a straw, and he knew the straw would fail him.

"No," said the matron regretfully. She thought him a very kind young man. Gratitude, as a rule, is not an overpowering passion with the many. "But do not fret about that," she said. Yes, she was an excellent nurse—so sympathetic; we were sorry to lose her."

Sir Rawdon rose to bid her good-bye.

"I suppose Dr. Bland would not know her address?" he said.

"No, I am sure of that. She went away very suddenly—for family reasons, as she told me—and left no word with any one as to where she was going. Good-bye, Sir Rawdon; so glad to see you so thoroughly restored," etc.

Sir Rawdon, returning her farewell, told himself he was not so fully restored as she kindly imagined, and that his strength was by no means what it used to be.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TWO PLANTS.—In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, two plants were brought to England, for the first time, by Sir Walter Raleigh, both of which are now very much used—the tobacco-plant and the potato. Sir Walter had sailed across the seas to America in search of new lands, and he brought back both these plants with him.

When he was in America he had seen the Indians smoke, and before long he acquired the habit himself. He became extremely fond of smoking, and frequently indulged in the practice.

When he returned to England, he was sitting by the fire one day, and began to smoke. In the middle of his smoking, the door opened, and in came his man-servant. Now, this man had never in his life seen anyone smoke, and did not know that there was such a plant as tobacco. So, when he saw the smoke coming from his master's mouth, he thought that he was on fire. He cried out in alarm, and ran to fetch a bucket of water to put the fire out; and Sir Walter was deluged before he had time to explain what he was really doing.

But very soon the old servant got used to seeing people with smoke coming out of their mouths; and all the young ladies of the Court began to smoke because Sir Walter did so.

At first people did not like the potato at all; nobody would eat it. Yet Sir Walter told them how useful it would be. The potato, he said, would be made to grow in England. He told them that when the corn harvest failed—which it often used to do—people need not starve if they had plenty of potatoes.

Queen Elizabeth, who was a very clever woman, listened to what Sir Walter said, and had potatoes served up at her own table. Therefore the grand people who dined with her Majesty were obliged to eat them. But they spread the report that the potato was poisonous, because it belongs to the same order as the deadly nightshade and many other poisonous plants. So, in spite of all that the Queen could do, no one would eat potatoes, and they were left for the pigs.

The people did not find out their mistake till many years afterwards. The poor potato was despised and forgotten till the reign of the French king, Louis XVI, when there lived a Frenchman who had make a study of growing plants for food. He felt sure that he could make the potato a great blessing to the country; and he began at once to try.

After a great deal of trouble he succeeded. People laughed at him at first, and would not take any notice of what he said. But he went on growing the potato till he brought it to perfection. Even then no one would have eaten it, if its part had not been taken by the king. He had a large piece of ground planted with potatoes, and went about with the flower of the vegetable in his button-hole.

A Terrible Ride.

BY S. W.

IT was a comely-looking old lady, in spectacles and that thing of the past, a grandmotherly cap, who sat opposite me in a second-class compartment of the "Flying Scotchman," and presently produced her crochet work, remarking to me as she did so—

"I think this will be pretty when the fringe is on?"

I agreed that it would.

"I am going to see my daughter, who is married, in Glasgow," she said, "and it's a long journey, but so different from what it used to be. Why, we had days of jolting in stage-coaches. And once I had a journey that I think you'll like to hear about, if you like stories; and it began with my waiting alone at the corner of a road, just at sunset, to catch the coach that passed there. When it came up it was empty, and as I got inside I felt sorry to think I was alone. Night was drawing on; a storm was coming up, and it was uncanny travelling, without a soul to speak to.

"At first the solitude oppressed me. Then I fell asleep and was awakened by a jolt of the vehicle. I started up. The moon had peeped from under the clouds as I awoke, and I saw a dark figure, wrapped in a big cloak, climbing in, supporting a female, who leaned against him as if faint or ill. Instinctively I drew myself into the darkest corner of the couch, and let my veil down. The man put his companion on the seat, in a reclining position, and retired to the other corner himself, taking no notice of her.

"I saw in the moonlight a fair face, shadowed by golden hair, and enveloped in the hood of a great cloak; but though the eyes were wide open, they seemed never to turn to the right nor to the left, nor was the slightest motion of the body perceptible. This fact produced a very strange effect on me. A horror, for which I had no words, crept over me. I felt that I would have given any precious thing I possessed if that woman would but have turned and spoken to her companion, or he to her.

"Perhaps the man was conscious of my stare of horror, for in a moment or two he drew a handkerchief from his pocket, and put it over the woman's face. The action instead of quieting my fears, intensified them. What could this be that lay so near me but a beautiful corpse? And this man who had doubtless believed the coach empty, was her assassin.

"To communicate with the guard without this passenger's knowledge was impossible. I felt that my own life might be in danger. A black-bearded, wild-looking creature like this, who looked like a half-savage, was not likely to stop at anything, and to conceal one murder would doubtless commit another. In terror I curled myself up in a corner, and pretended to sleep.

"I peered through my veil; and to my horror saw the man open a bag which he took from his coat-pocket, take thence a box, and extract from it a razor which he began to sharpen with the greatest nicety, using a stone, and 'stropping' it on the leather-strap of the window. Finishing this, he produced another and another. In fact, he sharpened twelve razors, one after the other.

"Here was a murderer for you! Here was a wretch without parallel, who prepared with such care for the murder of a dozen innocent creatures!

"Certainly I ought to give an alarm. But how, how, how? Again and again I asked myself the question, but each time the great black eyes rolled towards me, and I felt that I was risking my life.

"Suddenly, however, the coach stopped. We came to a trough by a roadside inn, where the horses happily stopped to drink. I made one venture. I boldly pulled the window down.

"'I am thirsty,' I said. 'Can I have a drink?'

"The guard opened the door. I jumped down and soon whispered my fearful story in his ear.

"My listener was horrified. 'I thought the lady looked queer,' he said, 'when he hoisted her in: but it was dark; furriners always take to razors, but I'll fasten the door outside, and lock him in, and when we get to Grantham, to gaol he goes, razors or no razors.' Then he went to the coach door, and shortly we were plunging through the darkness again. I held my bonnet on and clung to the guard's rough coat, that I might not be blown away; and I was glad, I tell you, to see the lights of Grantham.

"Up we drove: down darted the guard, lifted me to my feet, and presently I saw men gather about the coach, heard the passenger crying to them to let him out, saw the coach door open, and saw him dragged out. Then they lifted the woman—the corpse!—tenderly in their arms; and then—a shout—a roar—I saw a female figure, with a wax head and golden wig, attired in blonde over pink muslin, perched on the steps of the hotel. I saw a foreigner of mild aspect, despite his hair, exhibiting cards and papers; and shortly the guard came to me.

"'It's all right, miss,' he said. 'It's all a mistake. He is a barber, from Newcastle, moving over here; fetchin' his dummy, for the winder, along with him; and he jest passed the time, sharpening his razors!'

"You may guess how ashamed I felt," added the old lady, as she finished her story, "and how I got laughed at; but for all that, it was a terrible ride."

GOOD INTENTIONS.—The saying is an old one that "Hades is paved with good intentions," and if we are to be held responsible for our lost opportunities, the assertion may very possibly be true. The evening song and the morning song are seldom the same.

We go to bed declaring that we will be up in good time, and will attend to various things the very next morning. When the morning comes we do not feel inclined to carry out the programme of the night before, and find some very good reason for changing it.

We are for ever going to do things; struggling on in an uphill fashion, and never coming to an end of our work, simply because we do not at once face the difficulty and perseveringly try to overcome it—in fact, we put off to the morrow what we ought to do at once; and when the morrow becomes to-day, other duties have accumulated and are added to what we shrank from yesterday.

To-day is indeed the "father of the morrow," and it is easier to provide for the father without the son.

Procrastination is a great evil, and the less we feel inclined to begin a needful task, the more sternly we should set our faces to it. However difficult the task, it will not grow easier by looking at it; and, in point of fact, the longer we look, the less we like it. One day at a time is, fortunately, all we have given us wherein to work, to joy, or to suffer; and it is all-sufficient if we use it properly.

If we would remember the old maxim, "Duty first, and pleasure afterwards," middle class households would go on better than they do.

The morning paper may be admissable on the breakfast table, as there are often a few spare minutes before the family are all assembled, but breakfast once over, and the news of the day scanned, the members of the household should each turn steadily to whatever duty they have to perform, and do it at once, whether it take a long time or a short—whether it be pleasant or otherwise.

If you begin by sitting down in an easy-chair with a novel, ten chances to one no duty will be rightly done that day. The servants receive their orders too late to carry them out satisfactorily; the tradespeople have called, and the things required have to be sent for, and the servants have no time to get through their work. The mistress is annoyed at their apparent slowness or neglect, and probably, fails to see that the fault originated with herself for not performing her household duties at once, and indulging herself in reading when she ought to have been otherwise engaged.

There is a time for everything, and it is one of our duties to find out the proper time for doing everything. There is a time to mourn and a time to sing—a time to laugh and a time to cry—a time for work and a time for play.

There are very few things in which there is real harm: the harm is, when they are done at wrong times and seasons. If once one recognizes the fact that a thing ought to be done, there is no question as to when one should begin. The present is the only time we can call our own, and life's duties should never be put off or set aside—however sincere our intentions may be to do them at a more convenient season.

M. S.

MOTHER'S JEWELS.—It may be only a jack-knife with a rusty blade and a broken point, or it may be a peg top half split down the middle, or only half a dozen battered spools on a knotted string. But there it lies, whatever it is, stowed away in the far off corner of the bureau drawer, under a yellow pile of little linen and stockings, patched and darned at heel and at knee. But all the gems of Golconda can not buy them; no, nor the gold of all the wide world size their preciousness. For they are holy; her little boy is dead! It is not often she goes to that drawer; nor often she looks upon the treasures there. But once in a while, sometimes, the time when a knock comes to the heart, that comes to mothers' hearts alone, like one famished and thirsty, she goes to the nest of her jewels.

Slowly, with soft hands, the little linens are laid aside, and slowly, with trembling hands, the knife, the top, or the string of dingy spools are drawn forth. Ah, how gently they are pressed to the heart and lip! What words are they saying, what sad sweet songs are they singing? Kissed and cried on, cried on and kissed. Then yearningly, reluctantly, clingingly, back they go to their nest in the far off corner, and the yellowing little linens are put back one by one. All alone, jealous that mortal eyes should see her worship at the shrine, the drawer is closed, and she who knelt before it comes to earth once more.

THE actual cost of what are usually sold as 5 cent cigars at retail is thus stated by one who claims to be posted: Actual cost of tobacco (namely, what the tobacco raiser gets for it) for 1000 cigars, $2; cigar boxes, $1; wages for 1000, $8; packing, $1; stripping, 50cents; total cost of production, $12,50, or 1¼ cents a cigar..

Scientific and Useful.

TEA-STAINS.—Clear boiling-water will remove tea-stains; pour the water through the stain, and thus prevent its spreading over the fabric.

SOFTENING CAST-IRON.—An accident in a foundry has led to the discovery that plunging iron castings into a mixture of treacle and water softens the metal to such a degree that it can be punched, bored and tapped as readily as wrought iron.

SEA-WEED LEATHER.—An Englishman has at length utilized seaweed; he converts it into leather of a very excellent quantity. It is dried first, and then reduced to powder, afterwards treated chemically. It its first stage, just before it becomes leather, it is like cloth, and might be used as a substitute.

DYNAMITE.—Forest trees are now felled with dynamite. A cartridge of the explosive substance is placed in a channel bored directly under the tree to be operated upon, and when exploded the tree is simply forced up bodily and falls intact on its side. In most instances it is found that the tree is not fractured by the force of the explosion.

WIRE AND LIGHTNING.—It is said that three or four thicknesses of common wire mosquito netting, painted or unpainted, and laid upon one another, are utterly impervious to lightning. No substance, whether liquid or solid, however, combustible, inflammable or explosive, that is protected by a covering of this cheap material, can possibly suffer in anywise from lightning or from any accidental spark or jet of flame from without.

BRUSHES.—When a paint-brush is stiff and hard through drying with paint on it put some turpentine in a shallow dish and set it on fire. Let it burn for a minute, until hot; then smother the flame, and work the brush in the fingers, dipping it frequently into the hot spirits. Rinse all paint-brushes, pencils, etc., in turpentine, grease with a mixture of sweet oil and tallow, to prevent them from drying hard, and put away in a box out of the dust.

RUBBER CEMENT.—This can be used for soling and patching rubber boots and shoes: Dissolve a quantity of gutta-percha in chloroform or carbon disulphide until the solution has the consistency of honey. Thin down the parts to be cemented, then spread a small quantity of the cement well over the parts to be joined. Warm the parts over a flame or fire for half a minute, bring the surfaces to be united together, and hammer well or clamp firmly. The cement dries in a few minutes.

Farm and Garden.

WEEDS.—It requires more labor to clear the crops from grass and weeds after they have attained good growth than to destroy them when young. At first harrow or rake will suffice to keep them down, but later on the cultivator and hoe must be used. Never allow the weeds to more than get their heads above ground.

THE CHURN.—The best way to wash butter is in the churn. When the winter comes draw off the buttermilk from below. Then pour in brine and churn the butter in the brine for a few moments. Draw off the brine in the same manner as was done with the buttermilk, and the butter may then be worked and laid aside.

SHADE.—During the summer no greater injury can be done the sheep than to turn them upon a pasture that has no shade. Sheep prefer to graze early in the morning and late in the afternoon, resting during the heat of the day. If deprived of a shady resort for that purpose no amount of good treatment can prevent them from losing appetite and falling off in flesh. Temporary shelter can be easily erected for them.

THE FOWLS.—Be very kind and careful in handling your fowls and keep them as tame as possible; for a tame quiet disposition is a very important and desirable quality for the sitting hens to have, as they must be handled, more or less during their term of sitting, and a wild sitting hen that will fly off her nest in a great "flurry," and perhaps break an egg or two every time she is disturbed, is enough to vex the kindest of poulterers.

BUTTER.—In France butter is packed in bags, not more than three inches in diameter, for family use, nor more than two inches for restaurants. Each bag holds two pounds. When filled they are tied and packed in brine in tubs or casks which can be headed tight. The cloth used must be quite free from lint, and should be very slightly starched—just enough to make them iron smoothly—then run together, of uniform size. The bag should be placed in a mold of suitable size and shape while being filled. The plan may not be unworthy of a trial in this country.

THE CELLARS.—Now that the planting season is over let the cellars be cleaned out. Remove all decayed vegetables. Make it as clean and sweet as possible. Much of the disease in the farmer's family during the summer season comes from a foul cellar. Whitewash the walls. Take a lump of lime and slake it with boiling water; cover it during the process; strain it, add a little salt dissolved in warm water, half a pound of Spanish whiting, two ounces of glue. This will make a splendid white-wash for either cellar walls, ceilings, wood, brick or stone, or fences. Be sure, too, and ventilate the cellars thoroughly and effectually. By observing these rules our farmers will not have so many doctor's bills to pay.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 25, 1885.

Purity, Progress, Pleasure and Permanence are conspicuously ineffaceable features written by the finger of Time on the venerable record of this paper. To the thousands who have drawn many of their noblest thoughts and much of their sweetest enjoyment from its familiar columns, in the two generations covering its history, renewed assurances of devotion to their gratification and improvement are superfluous. THE SATURDAY EVENING POST exists solely to serve the best interests and promote the truest pleasures of its patrons and readers. It hopes to constantly deserve the unswerving approval of its great army of old and new friends. It aspires to no higher ambition. To accomplish this, nothing shall impede the way. The best productions of the noblest thinkers and the finest writers will fill its columns, and the unwearied energies of the most careful editors shall be continuously devoted to its preparation. Nothing impure or debasing will be permitted to desile its pages nor make them an unworthy visitor to any home. The most Graphic Narrations, Instructive Sketches, Fascinating Stories, Important Biographical Essays, Striking Events, Best Historical Descriptions, Latest Scientific Discoveries, and other attractive features adapted to every portion of the family circle, will appear from week to week, while the Domestic, Social, Fashion and Correspondence Departments will be maintained at the highest possible standard of excellence. Its sole aim is to furnish its subscribers with an economical and never-failing supply of happiness and instruction, which shall be as necessary to their existence as the air they breathe. While myriads of silken threads in the web of memory stretch far back in the history of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, it will never rest on past laurels, but keep fully abreast of all genuine progress in the spirit of the age in which the present generation lives. It earnestly seeks and highly appreciates the favor and friendship of the pure and good everywhere, but desires no affiliation with, nor characteristic approval from, their opposites.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One regular copy, by mail, one year, $2 in advance, postage free. Six months, $1. Three months trial trip, for new subscribers exclusively, 50 cents. Subscriptions may begin or terminate with any number. Special confidential club rates to postmasters and others desiring to work actively for subscriptions and commissions will be made known only on direct application to the publication office by mail or in person. No remittances credited until actually received. Patrons should address all communications plainly, and exercise the usual business precautions in transmitting funds safely and promptly. Always enclose postage for correspondence requiring separate reply, to insure response.

ADVERTISING RATES AND CONDITIONS.

All advertisements are received *subject to approval*. Nothing that the management may deem inappropriate or unworthy will be taken at any price. Ordinary agate lines, 30 cents each insertion. Special notices, 75 cents per line. Reading notices, $1 per counted line. Publisher's personal notes, $1.25 per counted line. Everything under this head must have the individual examination and verification of the managing director or his authorized representatives before publication.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Publication Office, 728 Sansom St.

Correcting Chronic Mistakes.

The Saturday half-holiday movement for the summer months is gaining such momentum in New York, Philadelphia, and other large cities, that it is likely to become almost universal in all lines of trade where it can consistently be adopted. Many hundreds of wholesale and retail business houses now close promptly at one o'clock on Saturdays, and it is somewhat amusing to note how promptly the busy wheels of trade stop to the hour, and the alacrity with which thousands of employes scatter to various scenes of recreation, amusement and recuperation, as well as to observe the keen relish which the opportunity for relaxation seems to impart. Indeed, to one who is reflectively disposed, it appears almost incredible how much beneficial enjoyment can be extracted from such a brief space of time, which does not perceptibly decrease the profits nor tangibly depreciate the efficiency of business machinery. These facts, however, are but cumulative demonstration of the truth that chronic mistakes can be easily corrected whenever the earnest spirit of progressive thought is turned towards them. Many employers are still imbued with the hard and heartless idea that long hours, incessant application, exhaustive toil, are the only effectual means for obtaining profitable returns from those who are in their pay. The mistaken logic of this sentiment is gradually becoming apparent, however, and now it is not an uncommon thing for the most avaricious and unscrupulous proprietors to treat their employes with consideration, as a mere matter of policy. The large mercantile establishments that have adopted the custom of closing at one o'clock on Saturdays during the hot weather, find the general average of their trade undiminished, while the service of their clerks and sales-people for the remaining five and a half days is greatly improved, and it is a question whether they do not really render greater money value for their wages than when working more hours. Outside of perishable articles of food, which may be constantly required, there is actually no necessity for store-keepers and mercantile traders to keep long hours, or be on the perpetual watch for a farthing of profit which avaricious anxiety fears may escape it. The chronic habit of the public expecting to find the channels of trade obsequiously awaiting its pleasure at all times, would soon adapt its requirements to any reasonable and sensible limits that wise business proprietors might adopt. We believe it is a notorious fact, that factories with an equal plant of machinery, working only ten hours a day, produce better goods, and more of them, than those driving their hands incessantly for eleven, twelve, and even thirteen hours out of the twenty four. *Esprit du corps* and proper recuperation, are absolutely essential for the highest efficiency from the human muscular and mental organization, and it is to be hoped that the best and most equitable methods of attaining it will receive greater attention in all branches of industry until the correct equilibrium between work and recuperation shall be universally adjusted. Let all housewives, farmers' boys, mechanics, and, in fact, every employment, persistently extol the virtues of Saturday half-holidays, until they become a permanency everywhere.

"Home, Sweet Home."

Few words are in such common use as this word—home—from our cradle right through life to our grave. The little child but dimly understands, and certainly could not explain in words, the sweet sense of security which is ever about him, and which makes him feel so safe and happy in the place that he calls home. A little girl whom it does the heart good often to pet and make much of, on being asked what home was, quickly answered: "It is our house on Sundays when papa comes home to dinner." Happy little creature! to have learned early that in both worlds it is just the father's presence which turns what would otherwise be only a lodging for a season, into a true and blessed home! The time when a man first bars the doors of his own dwelling, to which he has brought "a nearer one still and a dearer one yet than all others," for the old, beautiful, simple, scripture reason, "he loved her"—that is an experience which comes but once. Outside is the world, cold, hard, stern, inflexible, where the bread-winning must go on day by day; but inside is all that makes the battle of life precious, even its sharpest struggles. "'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark our coming, and grow brighter when we come." However tenderly a man may cling to the home of his boyhood, whatever may have been the pangs he endured when by reason of death it has been broken up, and the memory of what once was in its fulness of blessing alone remains to cheer him in his hours of loneliness, as a ray of light from the last little cottage of some hamlet seems to contend with the darkness, and feebly indicate to the traveler his path over the dreary moor,—yet we say again, not until a man has won for himself a local habitation and a name which another is willing to share with him and wear for him, does he fully and rightly estimate all the love of which he was the recipient in the days when he thought as a child and spoke as a child, or awoke to all of pleasant duty and blessed responsibility which is wrapped up in that divinely sacred institution, home, sweet home!

A COMFORTABLE, as contrasted with an austere, mode of life is the most natural, and therefore the healthiest and the best. We sometimes wonder why those who live by rule, and tremble as they live, laboring to eat and drink precisely what is "good for them," and nothing else, are so weakly and miserable. The cause of failure is that such persons are over-careful; life is a burden to them. They have no "go" in their mode of existence. One half of the dyspeptics we see, and whose sufferings we are asked to relieve, would be well if they were only happy. Everything in life and nature acts and reacts in a circle. Be happy, and your sympathetic ganglia will have the blood coursing through them with the bound of health; and this quickening of the pulse, if it be produced by "good cheer," whether at the table or on the mountain-side, will, in its turn, produce happiness. Felicity is the outcome of a physical state, and that state is itself, enhanced by the sort of cheerfulness which often consists in being happy in spite of circumstances.

WHILE we should pronounce that man mad who should endeavor to keep back the waves at high tide, or secure sunlight without a shadow, the sanest of us are doing something of the same sort in another direction. For example, a man pursues wealth without counting the cost. He foresees its pleasures, its advantages, its opportunities, but not the duties and responsibilities it will involve, nor the sacrifice of other and perhaps higher things which its eager pursuit will demand. Gradually, without intending it, he resigns one thing after another in his absorbing work. Perhaps it is his health, his culture, his family fireside, or even his self-respect. Presently he gains the object of his chase; but the happiness he expected has meantime slipped away, and the account is more than balanced on the other side. He may not see his losses with the same vividness that he sees his gains; but, if he is poorer in health, or in power, or in character, or in domestic happiness, he has overreached himself in his vain effort to cheat Nature.

THE study of poetry bears the same relation to the cultivation of the heart that science does to the intellect. It creates a disposition to pity and kindness, and thus lessens the amount of human woe. It also exalts and strengthens the mind by inspiring and rendering habitual and predominant the more elevated emotions. It is not the writing of poetry we are urging on the reader, but the love of it. Poets are nature's interpreters, and she does not bestow her gifts on all; but every rational being has facilities which may be cultivated to enjoy intensely the display of the beauties and riches of nature, which the true poet can only describe and make palpable. This cultivation of our powers is a duty, as well as a delight, that peculiarly commends itself to all.

THE great art—not duty—which women have to learn is, how to make the best use, in its own time, of the various kinds of attraction, the various sorts of charm practicable by them, each beautiful in its way, but only perfect in harmony with age and condition. For instance, the simplicity of a child is silliness in a full-grown girl; the unsuspecting frankness of a girl is loose-lippedness and undignified want of reticence in a woman; the instinctive coquetry and desire to excite admiration and love in a maiden, become folly and heartlessness and a fixed habit of inconstancy, and, as time goes on, a ghoulish craving, in a matron; and so on through the whole list.

To be constantly agitated about what is "good" and what is "bad form," to feel the eternal necessity of being on the alert in respect to it, involves the confession of a recent familiarity with it, betrays unsettled convictions with regard to it, that one is not to the manner born, since we seldom discourse about those things which are every-day matters to us, as natural as breathing; and, if one talks too fluently about the luxuries of the table, the expensiveness of one's dress, the appointments of home, the listener has naturally a right to suspect that these are things to which one has not been long accustomed.

THE sorrow which appears to us nothing but a yawning chasm, or hideous precipice, may turn out to be but the joining or cement which binds together the fragments of our existence into a solid whole. That dark and crooked path in which we have to grope our way in doubt or fear may be but the curve which in the full daylight of a brighter world will appear to be the necessary finish of some choice ornament, the inevitable span of our majestic arch.

AN envious man repines as much at the manner in which his neighbors live as if he maintained them.

The World's Happenings.

There is an almanac in the British Museum 3,000 years old.

A Livingston county, N. Y., woman is the mother of 27 children.

The almshouse at Orleans, Mass., has closed for lack of patronage.

Varnishing tomatoes is the latest device of the ingenious food adulterators of Paris.

General Booth claims that by the year 1900 the Salvation Army will number 20,000,000 members.

The wife of Henry Ward Beecher is writing a book on "Early Marriages and Long Engagements."

Mount Hood, Oregon, was illuminated on the night of July 4 with red calcium lights, visible all over the State.

Secretary Lamar thinks gold pens are extravagant, and has banished them from the Department of the Interior.

The opinion is expressed by a Canadian physician that 50 per cent. of all diseases arise from the use of stimulants.

In the White House the visiting cards are saved and sold for waste paper. In the month of May there were 4,000 cards.

Georgia has 143,471 colored voters, the largest number of any of the Southern States. Mississippi comes next with 120,278.

The result of the recent Harvard-Yale boat race was known in Chicago thirty seconds after the winning boat crossed the line.

London is the richest city of the world, and the most lavish of its charities, and 35 of its inhabitants died last year of starvation.

An Oregon man has hollowed out the stump of a huge tree in the fashion of a room, cut a door and windows in it, and has there taken up his abode.

Ten cents an oath is the tax for swearing in the Court House at Palatka, Fla., "the fines being applied to the poor fund, which is becoming plethoric.

A German experiment for saving the eyes during reading consists of printing dark blue letters on pale green paper. The effect is said to be very restful.

Matrimony is epidemic among the Milwaukee public school teachers this summer, and the Superintendent is said to blame the skating rinks as the cause.

A letter addressed by a Castini, Me., man to his wife during the war, in 1863, has just been delivered. It took the letter 22 years to get from Washington to Castini.

Accidents to pedestrians, caused by the carrying of canes or umbrellas horizontally under the arm, are to be reported to, and investigated by, the authorities of Dusseldorf.

The fifth edition of a heavy work being announced, recently, a person expressed some surprise, which was answered by one in the secret, "It is the only way to sell the first."

A Pennsylvania jury recently got up and said that their time was too valuable to allow them to sit quietly and listen to the trifling impertinence and foolish wittitisms of members of the bar.

Two brothers married two sisters under a persimmon tree by the roadside in Banks county, Ga., on a recent Sabbath, and all went on a "bridal tour" to the cotton patch on Monday morning.

There may be seen in the window of a dirty little shop in an obscure part of London this announcement: "Goods removed, messages taken, carpets beat, and poetry composed on any subject."

An old citizen of Southold, L. I., fell from a load of cornstalks two months ago and broke his hip and leg. Recently, while crossing the room, he fell, by the slipping of one of his crutches, and broke both his arms.

The Governor of Kansas, in his Arbor Day Proclamation, says that the State, which the pioneers found treeless and a desert, has now more than 20,000,000 fruit trees and 200,000,000 forest trees, all planted by settlers.

According to Professor Atwater, of Wesleyan University, chemistry shows that the New England dishes—pork and beans, and codfish and potatoes—approach more nearly than any others the standard of ideal rations.

A gentleman in Columbus, S. C., heard a noise in a wardrobe, and, upon opening the door, discovered the interior to be all on fire, the work of a rat that had taken to devouring some matches that he found on one of the shelves.

At Asbury Park, N. J., a paper of that place says, a near-sighted old gentleman mistook a young man's hand for a slice of bread, the other day, and jabbed his fork half through the hand, which its owner had carelessly rested on the dinner-table.

Parson Sam Jones, the Southern revivalist, had great success in Waco, Texas, where he converted four hundred, and received $1.50 for each convert, paid by the town authorities on the presumption that police expenses will be proportionately reduced.

The commerce of the seas is carried on by about 12,000 steamers and more than 100,000 sailing-vessels; while the railroad traffic of the world employs about 90,000 locomotive engines, and 120,000 passenger and 500,000 freight cars. There are 300,000 miles of track, and the capital invested is about $50,000,000,000.

The latest freak among the young folks in New York is the "electric party." It is held at any house where there is a heavy carpet, and the fun consists in shuffling rapidly over the floor to generate electricity in the person, and then discharging it through the fingers, nose or lips against some other person, or a metallic object.

An order has been issued to the conductors of the Louisville street cars, directing them to assist old women, regardless of color, on and off the cars. This has been done because several conductors declined to assist colored women, one of whom made a complaint. There is a rumor that the conductors will refuse to obey, and that a strike is possible.

BRIGHTER DAYS.

BY A. C.

When o'er thy heart hangs dark the cloud,
When bitter woes befall,
And every hope that dawned is bowed
Beneath their cruel thrall—
Bear up, oh, soul! Though grief the whiles
Must go its mournful ways,
Life still shall have for thee its smiles,
And brighter, better days!

Again shall come the golden light:
Again sweet peace and love,
The baneful cloud shall take its flight
And all be clear above.
For pains and trials cannot last,
And heaven to us repays
All losses, when these ills have passed,
With brighter, better days!

Look up, in faith, and see the gloom
Dispelled from earth and skies!
Lo! Love's sweet buds burst into bloom
To bless your gladened eyes.
Away all bitterness and tears!
Fair Hope her torch displays,
And for thee now the dawn appears
Of brighter, better days!

Playing With Fire.

BY S. W.

To those guests who were in the secret, Mrs. Featherstone's dinner-party on May 3rd, 188—, was a matter of no small amusement and interest; whilst even to those who were mere outsiders, and unacquainted with more than the superficial aspects of society, the occasion was no ordinary one. Leonard Dalzell was to be present, after more than a year's absence from London, and was to introduce his wife—a bride of two months' standing—to that small portion of his friends who were dining with Mrs. Featherstone.

Those who were not behind the scenes were yet a little excited at the prospect of meeting a man whose History of Italian Literature had, by a rare combination of beauty of style and depth of learning, managed both to captivate the general public and satisfy the learned critics, whilst the presence of his bride lent a certain air of romance to the successful author's reappearance.

But to the initiated the occasion was rendered doubly piquant by the presence of a lady whom surely no one but Mrs. Featherstone would have asked to meet the bridal couple. Sydonie Marvel, who was sitting so quietly and composedly in the low armchair, talking with Sir Joseph Towers, had been, as everyone knew, engaged for some months to Leonard Dalzell. Everyone knew this fact—that is, everyone who knew anything, amongst whom must not be included the hostess, who was only conscious of extreme delight at having secured two such eminent personages for one dinner-party.

More than one pair of eyes glanced furtively, but none the less curiously, at Sydonie as the Dalzells were announced, but without result, for she went on unconcernedly in her talk with Sir Joseph, and only looked up when Leonard Dalzell made his way to her side.

She put out her hand cordially, and spoke with a certain suppressed enthusiasm which marked her more emotional utterance.

"I am so glad to see you in England again, and to tell you in person how much I have rejoiced in your success."

He bowed gravely in answer; his tongue was not so ready as hers, and besides, she had been expecting and preparing for his arrival during the whole time that she had been listening to Sir Joseph's commonplaces, whilst he had not had more than a moment in which to compose himself to meet her.

Perhaps she guessed what kept him silent, for she went on, changing her tone to one of delightfully easy friendship:

"I hope you are going to stay, now that you are back in England. You have been very much missed. I must own that I could not bear to hear of your going away again."

Sir Joseph, overhearing the friendly, almost affectionate, tone of the little speech, thought to himself how absurd people were in talking as if these two had ever been engaged. Why, it was obvious that Miss Marvel cared nothing for Dalzell—which possibly was the impression Miss Marvel intended to create.

It was a strange experience for Leonard to feel her hand once more upon his arm as they went down to dinner together—still stranger to look down the staircase to the large hall across which Mr. Featherstone was leading the bride in her trailing white gown.

The situation was one which, a year ago, he would have declared to be a hideous impossibility, but which now seemed bearable and even enjoyable. What words of passionate love, of angry reproaches, had passed between him and this woman, who was nothing to him now but a chance acquaintance!

"You were so quick to congratulate me that I am obliged to appear as a mere copyist," he said, as soon as they were seated; "but I incur the risk in order to tell you that I have seen and that I appreciate Psyche."

"She is well hung, is she not?" asked his companion, with a pleased smile; "but tell me, did she satisfy you?"

Her voice was eager with anticipation, perhaps he felt a certain delight in answering her in a half-jesting way.

"Do our own ideas ever satisfy other people?" he asked.

"Ah!" she sighed. "Don't wander off into general statements! I am as vain and egotistical as of old. I want you to talk about my picture, not about pictures in the abstract."

Something in her appeal touched a chord in his memory, and he dropped his half-bantering tone, and spoke to her in a simple straightforward way.

"Well, if I am to find fault with Psyche, it is the old fault that you try to show too much. Everything in your work has some hidden meaning—you can't paint a butterfly on a rose, and be content with the effect of beauty you have created. You must paint them to represent some allegory—every flower and every insect under your hands becomes a vehicle for a sermon. You ride the nineteenth century hobby-horse of symbolism too hard. Take care you do not ride it to death."

Miss Marvel listened very patiently to his criticism, and seemed to consider carefully what he had said.

"It is Swedenborg, is it not?" she asked, at length, "who declares that the world is built by correspondences, and that all outward things are but types of spiritual ones?"

"I have no doubt that he has maintained that or a similar absurdity," Leonard made answer, dryly; "and you had best beware, Sydonie, or your passion for mysticism will land you in Swedenborgianism—or whatever may be its modern substitute."

The name, once so familiar and so dear, had slipped involuntarily from his lips. At the sound, she looked up at him quickly, with a pair of grey eyes thrilling with meaning; but she dropped them again before he had finished speaking, and, when she answered him, her long black lashes lay upon her pale cheeks.

"I forgive you this time, but never speak to me again like that."

Her tones lingered upon the word "never" with warning emphasis. Mrs. Browning speaks of an "apocalyptic never," and Leonard, recalling the phrase, felt that there might be cases in which the expression was not overstrained. He had time to consider its meaning and application, for Miss Marvel did not speak to him again during dinner.

In the drawing-room, afterwards, one or two of the ladies were amused to watch Miss Marvel's introduction of herself to Mrs. Leonard Dalzell, and to compare the two women as they sat talking together.

Sydonie managed the whole business, as she did everything which fell to her lot, with perfect self-possession and grace, and without any betrayal of a consciousness that she was observed—a fact of which she was, however, fully aware.

"I do not know if your husband has mentioned my name to you as that of an old friend, Mrs. Dalzell?" she said, holding out her hand to the bride, "I have known him for a great many years, but it is quite possible that he has never had time to tell you of all his former acquaintances, so I must introduce myself—I am Sydonie Marvel."

Her name created less effect than she expected. The young bride rose and took her hand shyly, and rather awkwardly.

"I don't think I have ever heard it," she made answer, evidently divided between truth and courtesy. "But I am very glad to know you."

"There is a foolish belief," said Sydonie, gathering courage from the other's evident ignorance and embarrassment, "that wives invariably dislike and distrust their husbands' old friends. I always deny the truth of those general statements, and I am sure they do not apply in your case."

Beatrice Dalzell said that she hoped not, and then relapsed into silence. She had been brought up in a happy but conventional home, where society talk was limited to certain safe subjects, and where a discussion of general principles would have been considered as being in very bad taste—almost as much so as a discussion on religion or politics.

Miss Marvel at once understood her companion's state of mind, and altered her tone as she sat down by her side on the low sofa.

"I think you met Mr. Dalzell abroad last year; was it in Switzerland?"

"No; we were both in the Black Forest—at a little village where there was some very good fishing, which both my uncle and Mr. Dalzell enjoyed."

"Oh, he was always a devoted fisherman; and you—did not fish?"

Beatrice smiled, showing a row of teeth as white and regular as her companion's. She was as much amused as a child who is startled at the notion that you do not know his nurse's name, or some other fact of supreme importance to himself.

"No, I don't fish, but Alison and I used to work and read together. Alison is my sister."

"You are lucky to have a sister," sighed Miss Marvel; she felt sure that now she had found the note to which this quiet commonplace nature would vibrate, and she was a little startled when Beatrice bluntly asked:

"Have not you one?"

"Oh yes; but we are separated by many, many miles of sea and land."

Beatrice's face softened into sympathy; she had never dreamt that there could be a division between sisters, wider than the widest continent, deeper than the deepest sea, and Sydonie was not inclined to explain. She went on with her interrogative conversation which she had her own reasons for pursuing.

"I hope you enjoyed the Black Forest; did you stay there long?"

"We left on September 17th—just after we were engaged," Mrs. Dalzell replied, with a certain pride in her engagement.

"Ah, the country must have been looking beautiful then," and Sydonie made a rapid calculation. Her letter of September 13th must have reached Leonard two days later, and it must have been whilst he was still smarting from the effects of it—or rather when he was crushed by the suddenness and bitterness of the blow, that he had rushed into this engagement. Sydonie felt her heart grow warmer to her rival.

When the men came up from the dining-room, Leonard paused near the door to look at the two women in conversation with one another. They formed a pretty picture as the light fell upon their graceful figures. No one would have denied the beauty of the younger lady.

Beatrice could count at least ten years fewer than Sydonie; her features were more regular, her cheeks more rounded, her color brighter; but the elder woman had a grace of expression always changing, a look of fragile delicacy, and an exquisitely-formed hand and arm, which gave her considerable advantages over her companion.

She was not dressed in white—as she generally loved to be—Leonard noticed with surprise, but in some soft, clinging, black material, relieved here and there with bunches of exquisite half-blown, pale-pink roses, one or two of which had dropped their petals upon her dark drapery.

He had never seen her look so strangely charming before. What a contrast she was to the stiff figure beside her, in its fashionably-trimmed skirts and its unrelieved white!

Sydonie had carefully studied her dress for that evening, having avoided the usual whiteness of her attire from a desire to escape comparison with a younger and fairer rival, who would have eclipsed her less brilliant charms. But whatever her motive, she had succeeded to perfection—in one man's eyes at least.

"I have been talking to your wife," she said in a low tone, when he came up to her side; "I must tell you how much I like her. We shall see a great deal of one another, I hope."

"I hope so too. It will be a great gratification to me to feel that you are friends."

"And in return will you do something for me? Will you let me feel that we are friends again, as we used to be a few years ago?"

Her voice sank lower as she spoke, but he heard her words and realized her meaning. There had been in their acquaintance a short space of time when they had not been lovers, and she meant that they were to return to those days, before the madness of passion had disturbed a friendship neither too cordial nor too exacting. She was honest in what she asked, and he was honest in his promise that they should be friends—with an emphasis upon the word—as of old. But there is such a thing as wilful blindness, even where the blindness really shuts out all objects but one.

* * * * *

Mr. and Mrs. Mills were really very well satisfied with their niece's match, when Beatrice had told her aunt, in a breathless hurry, that Mr. Dalzell had really——and then paused for words.

It was not a bad marriage for a girl with Beatrice's small fortune, and, besides, Leonard was sure to make his way in the world. As for the girl herself, she had never thought of his worldly position or his wealth, she only knew that he was a great writer, and one of the best and noblest men that ever lived.

"Do you think you can love me, Bertrice?" he had asked gently, with a tender look on his expressive face; and his angry, bitter spirit had found consolation in her answer.

He did not pretend to himself that he loved her, but he meant to love her, this quiet, gentle, pretty creature, whose unfailing tenderness was a contrast to the varying moods of the woman who had jilted him, and upon whom he had sworn to revenge himself.

His motives do not seem admirable when set down in black and white, but we may be sure that they were of a very different complexion when seen through the atmosphere of his own mind.

Beatrice loved him, and he meant to marry her and make her happy. She should never have a wish ungratified that he could fulfil; it would be an easy task to satisfy the claims of so simple and unexacting a nature.

During his brief engagement to Sydonie she had claimed, if not every hour of his time, at all events an account of how every hour was spent. She had been jealous of his friends, his pursuits, his very work, whilst Beatrice, in her northern home, was satisfied with a short weekly letter, and the outline of his doings.

He realized the vast difference between the passionate love of a woman of genius and the girlish attachment of a commonplace nature, and congratulated himself on the fact that Beatrice could neither give nor claim the deeper feelings of an intense emotion.

From all of which it may be concluded that Mr. Dalzell, although a man of considerable literary power and increasing literary reputation, was not deeply skilled in the secrets of the human heart, or fully capable of discriminating between the closely allied effects of love and vanity.

The inevitable result which follows all selfish acts dogged Leonard's married life. He was disappointed in its effects upon his happiness and peace of mind, and as these were all that he had considered in the step he had taken, it is obvious that the matter was a failure.

He was too generous to accuse his wife of anything but a passive share in the disaster and he was genuinely glad that she showed herself so contented and comfortable in circumstances which became every day more wearisome to him.

"Does not Mrs. Dalzell find the time at Hendon hang very heavily on her hands?" asked Sydonie of him one day, as he was lounging on a divan in her studio, watching her painting.

He had fallen back into his old friendly habit of looking in at all hours of the day, to criticize her work and advise her as to its progress.

"Mrs. Dalzell," he replied with cheerful carelessness, "is occupied with her household affairs. There is not a single duty that she ever leaves undone, and these occupy her from morning till evening."

Sydonie was satisfied with his reply. It reduced her rival to dimensions of a comfortable commonplace sort, whilst seeming to acknowledge her merits.

Beatrice and she had interchanged calls, but there was little to produce intimacy or even friendship among them; as Sydonie put it, there was no rapprochement; different tastes, different interests, different habits, formed a wide gulf, which there was no keen desire on either side to bridge over, nor was Leonard desirous of promoting a friendship which might involve painful complications both for him and for his wife, who could only suffer at any explanations of the former relations between him and Miss Marvel.

Meantime he saw Sydonie often; he came to London every day to his club or to the British Museum, as Beatrice quite understood, and as was the case—only his club was within a half-hour's walk of Sydonie's studio, and many of the hours he spent in the reading-room of the Museum were employed in looking out some detail of architecture or costume for his artist friend, to whom he must then pay a hurried visit for the purpose of explaining the result of his researches.

To both of them these meetings became the most important part of the day; now that he was married, he felt that he was incurring no risk either for her or himself, and she fully enjoyed that liberty of action which the last quarter of the nineteenth century has allowed freely to women with a career.

There was a piquancy given to Leonard's visits by the very fact that they were unknown or unwelcome to his wife, and Sydonie could not resist the triumph of finding herself, at thirty, more seductive than a rival ten years her junior.

As to Beatrice, she would as soon have suspected her husband of paying too much attention to another woman as of smothering her in her sleep, or stealing and pawning her few jewels.

If she sometimes felt that married life was wanting in that perfectness of confidence of which she had dreamt, she sternly repressed the thought, declaring to herself that any failure must be the result of her own want of power to understand her husband's wider views and aims.

When he stayed away late into the night, she would never own, even to herself, that the hours were long and lonely, and she always met him with a smile of welcome which might well have won his heart if he had not grown to consider it mechanical—a word he was fond of applying mentally to her actions.

She was very busy during his absence; she spent long hours in her little garden, which bloomed like a small Eden under her efforts; she paid and received the numerous duty-calls which were expected of her, and she learnt to know some of her poorer neighbors intimately. She was not a clever or a cultivated woman, but she was never an idle one.

One confession which she had made shortly after her marriage, had at first annoyed her husband. She owned to him that she positively disliked music—a fact sufficiently lamentable in itself, as proving her deficiency of intellectual sympathy, but one which became doubly pitiable when openly avowed, as proving her absolute ignorance of what the world expects from the wife of such a man as Dalzell.

He grew, however, to regard her weakness more complacently as the summer rolled by, and he would leave her to go to the opera or some of the concerts in which he passionately delighted.

"Shall you go alone?" she asked sometimes with the fearlessness of absolute confidence. "I am afraid you will find it dull."

"I am going to meet Mrs. Marshall and her cousin," he would reply carelessly, without explaining that her cousin was Sydonie Marvel.

The inevitable result was delayed by the general rush from London in the month of August, but the delay did nothing to open Leonard's eyes to the peril of his position; it only proved to him how absolutely necessary Sydonie's sympathy and Sydonie's society was to his life.

He rushed back to London on some frivolous pretext, and then hurried to Devonshire, where he had heard she was sketching. He would only stay a day with her before he returned to the North; all the vague jealousies and uncertainties which had haunted him before having become living realities since he had seen Bowles, the landscape painter, in constant and welcome attendance upon her and her cousin.

His jealousy was irritated and kept alive by his consciousness that he had absolutely no right to the feeling, which yet served to bring Sydonie perpetually to his mind. When he met her in October he was indignant because she spoke enthusiastically of her holiday.

She enjoyed the tribute involved in the dark looks and depreciatory words with which he answered her outbursts of delight about Devonshire and its beauties, but, as time went on, she began to be alarmed at

the evident strength of his feelings, and decided to bring matters to a crisis.

She was wanting neither in sense nor generosity, although her vanity had for a time prevented her from deriving any benefit from either quality, and she was resolved to bring to an end a complication which threatened to become painful and compromising. The conclusion was not, however, exactly according to her programme. It was one November evening as they were chatting together, that she suddenly rose and said to him, without any warning:

"Now, Mr. Dalzell, you are to go, if you please. I never get any work done while you are here, and besides——"

He stood up in his turn, and spoke in solemn answer to her flippant words:

"So you are going to send me away again? You did it once before—do you remember? Have we not both had cause enough to regret that the process must be repeated?"

She did not answer; her face turned whiter than its wont, and her hands trembled a little.

"Sydonie," he went on, forgetful of everything but the woman before him, "you know you loved me then—you know you love me now—just as I have never loved, and never shall love any woman but you."

The silence which fell upon them was very hard to break. If life be regarded as a drama, there are moments when the actors must long for a curtain to fall and bring their scene to a creditable close. Both the man and woman felt that credit was far from them as they stood together in that accusing silence.

"Go," she said at last; "go at once! I will write to you to-morrow."

He obeyed her, and went out into the darkness.

It was the next evening when he was at dinner with his wife that the letter was handed to him, but it was not until Beatrice had been long in bed and asleep that he opened it as he sat by the fire in his study. What he hoped or feared he hardly knew, but the letter was one to quicken his sense of shame and his desire for better things.

"I might dare much to remain your friend," wrote Sydonie: "the slander of the world and even my own accusing conscience. I would bear both one and the other if I felt that I made your life a brighter and happier one by allowing you to come and see me—by giving you that sympathy and help which you seem to need so sorely. But there are other considerations which must outweigh even my yearning to fulfil in part all that I once hoped to be to you. In this unhappy affair of your marriage there is only one really innocent actor. I, by my impulsive letter; you, by your equally impulsive engagement; have both deserved to suffer—although not so deeply as we suffer now—but your wife has absolutely nothing with which to reproach herself. The more I am convinced of the truth of your statement that you do not love her, that you never have loved her—and I do believe it absolutely—the more urgently do I feel that we both owe her a terrible debt, and that we must spare her at any cost of additional suffering to ourselves. For that reason I bid you go away for a time, and keep away from me until you feel that you can look upon me as what I am and always shall be till death—your friend.

S. M.

As he finished the letter he groaned aloud. Every word he read seemed to prove the worth of the woman he had lost, and to show the generosity and beauty of her soul. It never occurred to him that the very opportunity for generosity may be a proof that its finer forms are lacking, or that one woman could wish for no sweeter vengeance upon another than thus to plead her successful rival's claim to pity and forbearance.

* * * * * *

When Leonard stated his suddenly-formed determination of a solitary three weeks' walking tour in Yorkshire, he was careful to suggest to his wife that she should have her sister with her for a few days, as he was afraid she might be lonely; but she answered him with a smile:

"Oh, no! I have plenty to do, Leonard. I shall be all right, but I am afraid you will find it dull."

She knew little of the companion which tramped by her husband's side along the sea-cliffs and across the dreary Yorkshire moors.

A man must, when he finds himself alone with Nature, think out those personal problems he has been shirking or avoiding; and Leonard, at the end of his three weeks' tour, was healthier in mind and body than he had been before. He wrote two or three times to his wife, but he was careful to give her no address where she could communicate with him—he was resolute in his determination to be alone.

When at the beginning of December he let himself into his little hall in the early twilight, his heart was full of the many hours of suffering and endurance which yet lay before him, but he did not shrink from the future, for he was conscious of a certain subdued pleasure in the struggle, and, besides, he was resolved that nothing should separate him finally and entirely from Sydonie.

He opened the drawing-room door gently and looked in; the fire was low in the grate, and for the moment he was unable to distinguish his wife; then he saw her leaning back in her armchair, her felt hat on her lap, her head thrown back, and her eyes closed. Something in her attitude was unfamiliar to him, and he said gently in a startled voice:

"Beatrice!"

She woke suddenly with a sound between a sob and a scream, and then sat upright without speaking.

"Beatrice dear, have I startled you?"

She rose to her feet as she answered him:

"Oh no, no. Is it you, Leonard—have you come back? Are you better for your trip?"

Was it only the surprise that made her voice so unfamiliar to her husband?

"Beatrice, what is wrong?" he asked as he took her hand in his. It burnt his fingers as it lay there passively.

"Nothing, Leonard—nothing. You would like some tea, would you not?"

As she spoke she moved towards the bell, but, before she reached it, she swayed and fell to the ground. Leonard was not in time to catch her, but he knelt in an agony of terror beside the prostrate and motionless figure.

How the servants and the doctor came he never knew, but he suddenly was aware that the room was brilliantly lighted, and that busy hands were bringing Beatrice back to life.

"A touch of low fever, caught in some of her visits to the cottages," was the doctor's verdict next morning. "Mrs. Dalzell is so young and strong that the matter is not likely to be a serious one."

But as the days went on his tone altered; he had never seen so little power of rallying in any young patient; there seemed to have been some terrible shock to the nervous system—could Mr. Dalzell give him any information?

With a sinking heart Mr. Dalzell made his enquiries of the servants, who were, however, not able to give him any intelligence, further than the fact that ever since his departure, Mrs. Dalzell had complained of terrible neuralgia—had eaten little or nothing, and had spent whole hours of the night pacing up and down the room—"to quiet the pain, sir, as she said," the respectable middle aged house-maid had added with tears in her eyes; "although it stood to reason that she couldn't get better as long as she didn't eat or sleep, and kept taking those long walks, for she would go out every day, and, judging by her boots must have walked miles."

Leonard's conscience left him no peace. He sought anxiously for some token of that which he dreaded to discover. He questioned the servants as to his wife's visitor's and the letters she had received—the doctor's enquiry justified him in making the closest inquisition—but he was unsuccessful in his work, although he gave up to it every moment he could spare from the sick-room.

He was a most tender, watchful nurse, and Dr. Giles was almost justified in his remark to his wife that Leonard was the best husband he had ever seen, and that he only hoped Mrs. Dalzell had appreciated him.

For Beatrice showed but little consciousness of his presence, sometimes smiling faintly when he spoke to her, but generally lying in a stupor, watching the leafless vine-branches which beat against her window-pane.

She was a most obedient patient, never complaining, and always ready to carry out the wishes of those about her—only she would not speak. It seemed as if speech was an effort beyond her powers.

"Beaty, dear," asked her husband one day as he sat by her side, "has anything happened to alarm or grieve you whilst I was away?"

She only shook her head, nor could his searching enquiries win from her any word or any sign but that.

At last he could bear no longer his own agony of doubt. He decided to discover the truth. Kneeling by her side, where he could see her colorless face and closed eyes, he asked her (so cruel may a man become under the consciousness of his own misdeeds):

"Beatrice, you seem very lonely and dull with no one but me. Would you like someone to sit with you? Shall I ask Sydonie Marvel to come?"

His dry lips would hardly form the name, but its utterance did not affect that impassive face for a moment.

Beatrice gently shook her head, and then said, after a pause:

"I should like to have Alison."

Leonard was deeply thankful for the calmness which exorcised his haunting dread, and felt, too, with a little throb of self-justification, that the only wish his wife had expressed was one in relation to her sister, not to himself.

Alison came, and Beatrice was contented; but her content did not show itself in words, only the smile came a little oftener to her lips. She spoke once:

"Love me always, Ally dear—even afterwards."

And this was the only consciousness she showed of the swiftly approaching end, which those around her expected day by day.

Once, indeed, Alison heard her murmur, "It is better so—it is better so;" but when she bent closer over her sister, Beatrice opened her eyes, and looking at her, said distinctly, "Always be good to Leonard, Alison, for he has been very kind to me," as if she feared that the murmured words might have done him wrong.

This protest was the last her faithful heart brought to her trembling lips. In a few more days the sisters were separated by a veil which Alison could not pierce.

"You must comfort yourself, Leonard, by feeling that you had made her happy," sobbed Alison, through her tears, "and remember, it was the last thing she said to me."

And so strange a contradiction is human nature that the very fact which ought to have been the sharpest sting to his grief, was, in fact, a consolation to him.

He turned his back at once upon England and his past. He did not even attempt to see Sydonie, for the dead Beatrice was a restraint upon him which the living wife had never been. Only he wrote a few lines, and posted them on the day he started for Marseilles. The contents were simply these lines:

"I am leaving home for a year. In twelve months I shall return."

* * * * * *

The conventional year of mourning was nearly over, and Mr. Dalzell was back in England. His first visit was to Sydonie, and, that over, he returned to his own home, which he had left on that walking-tour, just twelve months before, under the shadow of a hopeless and desperate love. As he paced up and down his study, there was no thought of his dead wife in his heart. His whole being was occupied with Sydonie. He still felt the clasp of her hand in his; her eyes still looked into his; her words still lingered in his ears.

> I tell you I pace up and down
> This garret crowned with love's best crown,
> And feasted with love's perfect feast.

He began quoting the words almost unconsciously, and then broke short with a happy laugh.

"My Sydonie! So far from killing 'body and soul, and hope and fame,' you will help me to the perfection of all—my dear, dear love!"

He was too much agitated to write or read to-night. He would look over her letters—those letters which had lain untouched since he had received and shut away her last words, bidding him forget his love for her. With a happy smile at the contrast between now and then, he unlocked his writing-table drawer, and opened it.

But his mood suddenly changed, for the letters, instead of lying in an orderly heap, were loosed from their band, and were scattered about the drawer. One lay partly open, as if it had been thrown down half-read.

With the terrible consciousness of a man who feels the first cold wave from a rushing tide which will ultimately swallow up and destroy him, he rang the bell.

The housemaid who answered it was startled at his look, and still more at the imperious manner with which he pointed to the drawer.

"Who has touched this during my absence? The papers have been disturbed."

"No one has been near it, sir. I have never left the house—no, not for an hour—since you went away."

"Someone must have touched it, I tell you."

The maid looked puzzled; then her brow cleared.

"Oh, sir—yes. I beg your pardon; it was Mrs. Dalzell. One day, whilst you was away, she said she was going to put your papers tidy for you, and I saw her begin at that table."

"It could not have been so," he said, struggling with his deadly sense of certainty; "the drawer was locked."

"She said one of her keys opened it, sir, and I dare say she forgot to put the things tidy, as she was taken ill just afterwards."

He signed to her to leave him—he knew she spoke the truth—there was no need for him to search for the little bunch Beatrice had carried about with so much housewifely pride; no need to fit one of her keys and turn it in the lock: for he knew all that had happened as clearly as if he had stood at her side and seen her frozen look of terror as she read those words of his.

There they all were—Sydonie's love-letters, with the last which she wrote to him two days before he had spoken his first words of love to Beatrice, bearing the ill-fated witness of its date. He seemed by the exaltation of his feeling to realize what she must have suffered when she stood where he was standing now.

A distant footstep roused him; he remembered how she had paced up and down her room to quiet the pain she had struggled—what pain she had carried with her into the silence of the grave.

Sydonie's last letter lay open, as if the reader had closed the drawer upon it, unable to finish or to touch it; but those words, "The more I am convinced of the truth of your statement that you do not love her—that you never have loved her," stared him in the face, and he could guess with what terrible significance they must have blazed out to his wife.

He fell upon his knees with his hands upon his head, for he realised, or thought he realised, all the suffering he had inflicted upon an innocent heart, whose only fault had been its love for him.

He thought he realised all; but to appreciate the possibilities of suffering which lie in a human soul one must share something of its purity and singleness of purpose.

Nevertheless his agony was a sharp one; he seemed to look at the past in a different light—to see his conduct as it must have looked to her whose heart had broken when she understood it.

He pushed the drawer suddenly and roughly away; as he did so something round and glittering rolled from amongst the papers and fell to the floor. He picked it up mechanically and laid it in the palm of his hand. As he did so he saw it was his wife's wedding ring, for which he remembered he had instituted a vain search.

He knew how it came there: before Death had pronounced its final and irrevocable decree Beatrice had separated herself from him.

And then, remembering the smile on those pale lips—silent now for ever—which had never opened to accuse or to reproach him, he cried aloud in his anguish for some sign of forgiveness from one who could not answer him.

* * * * * *

There is a second Mrs. Dalzell now, who occupies her position far more worthily than her predecessor, whilst from the world's memory the fact of Beatrice's existence has almost faded.

It knows much, however, of Leonard's successes, and more of his disappointments than he imagines; but it does not guess the real bitterness of his life or the readiness with which he would sacrifice alike his success and his happiness to hear three words from lips that were once indifferent to him.

The Ordeal of the Ring.

BY R. LINWOOD SMITH.

SOME sixty years ago there lived in one of the poorest quarters of the ancient city of Augsburg, a middle-aged woman by the name of Anna Holzmann. Though respectable and industrious, she was in needy circumstances, and received a weekly allowance from one of the charitable institutions of the town.

Some of her neighbors, however, inclined to the belief that her poverty was a pretence, and confirmation of the idea was found in the fact that she held, as sole tenant, part of a flat, and had so much room and furniture that she could take in lodgers.

Mother Holzmann, as people called her, seems to have been a close taciturn woman, who minded her own business and gave little heed to idle talk.

Her reserve strengthened the belief in her supposed wealth, and it became an article of faith in the quarter that she had a big pot of gold hidden away in some secret receptacle—the pot, for hoarding purposes, being the German equivalent of the traditional stocking of English housewives.

On Good Friday, of the year 1821, Mother Holzmann went on a journey, or, to be accurate, she disappeared, and her neighbors assumed that she had gone on a journey—probably to collect some of the money she had out at interest—for besides being a reputed miser, she was supposed to do a considerable business in usury.

But who were her debtors nobody had the least idea, she kept things so very quiet—and as she had often gone away before and come back in a few days, her absence occasioned no surprise.

This time, however, she did not come back at all, and, to put it shortly, Mother Holzmann was never seen again.

When she had been gone a week or two, her lodgers, George Rauscheimer and Joseph Steiner, feeling, as they said, anxious about their landlady, and not knowing how to act in the circumstances, let the owner of the house (which contained several dwellings) know that his tenant had gone away.

On this he took possession of all the keys, which Mother Holzmann had thoughtfully left behind her, and the two lodgers found other quarters. But for some reason or other—perhaps because he thought she might still return—the proprietor did not inform the police of her disappearance until the 17th of May, whereupon the police, on their part, notified the fact to the magistrate, of the quarter, and the magistrate, according to the prescribed course in such circumstances, informed Frau Holzmann's nearest kin—her brother and her sister-in-law—of their relative's disappearance.

The brother, who seems to have shared in the popular belief as to his sister's supposed wealth, had a theory ready-made which he thought was quite sufficient to explain the mystery.

Anna had made a loan on inadequate security, and, not being able to recover either principal or interest, had doubtless committed suicide in despair.

On this the magistrate, without offering any opinion on the brother's hypothesis, ordered the dwelling to be searched.

Neither money nor other valuables were forthcoming, and the brother and sister declared that many of Frau Holzmann's best things were missing.

On the other hand, nothing of a suspicious character was found, unless an unbearably bad smell—which even in these sanitary days is by no means an uncommon characteristic of German dwellings, and was attributed to the usual cause—could be looked upon as suspicious.

With these facts and statements before him, the magistrate deemed it his duty to make an official inquiry into the affair, but no sign of foul play being discoverable, nor evidence producible, the result was nil, and Mother Holzmann, her pot of gold, and her mysterious disappearance passed into oblivion.

Her kinsfolk thought she had committed suicide; neighbours were rather disgusted that the wealth rumor had imputed to her proved to be even more baseless than rumors generally are; and a lone woman who leaves nothing behind her is rarely long remembered.

But early in the following year the memory of Frau Holzmann was revived in a terribly grim fashion, and neither her name, nor the crime of which she was the victim, are forgotten in Augsburg to this day.

Germans wash their dirty linen only at very long intervals—three or four times a

year; and in January 1822, a woman who lived in the house where Mother Holzmann had dwelt, after the usual big wash, took her clothes up to the boden to dry.

The boden is the very top room of a house, the highest garret, and being just under the tiles and uninhabitable, is generally used for the storage of wood, rubbish, and odds and ends.

As the woman was hanging up her linen, she chanced to place her foot on a heap of rags; feeling something hard, she gave it a push, when out fell a human thigh!

Another push produced another equally gruesome relic, and the poor washerwoman, half frightened to death, ran off to inform, first her neighbors, and then the police, of the portentous discovery she had made. The police were quickly on the spot, and began a thorough search of the [illegible].

Under rubbish-heaps and hid up the chimney where found sundry parts of a human body, but not enough to make a complete body, a chemise and some other articles of clothing, all flecked with blood.

The searchers then made a quest in Frau Holzmann's former dwelling, and under the boarding of the room which had been occupied by Steiner and Rauscheimer were found a blood-stained gown, a leg, an arm, with the elbow-joint strangely bent, and some other things.

Everybody felt sure that these were the remains of the missing woman; but as the head had not been found, conclusive evidence on the point was still wanting, as also touching the cause of death, no wound being discoverable.

Another curious fact was that the flesh, owing to the exclusion of air, and the pressure to which it had been subjected, was very little decayed, and had the appearance of having been smoked. After being steeped for awhile in water and washed with spirits of wine, the limbs assumed almost their natural form.

Equally noteworthy was the fact, as attested by the medical experts, that the work of dissection was so deftly done that the person who cut up the body must have possessed a fair practical knowledge of anatomy.

But though the head could not be found, a head had been heard of. Near the house was a canal which communicated with the Lech, and like all arms and canals fed by the river, it had a very strong current.

The manager of a mill situated on this canal, when he heard of what had come to pass, avowed that in Whit-week of the foregoing year he had accidently pulled out of the water with his boat-hook a human skull.

It was quite naked, stripped of flesh and hair, "as if it had come out of a bone-house." After showing the thing to his brother, he threw it back into the water, not wanting to have any bother with the police and it was never seen again.

But the two men remembered distinctly and were ready to swear, that the skull was small and almost toothless. Clearly a woman's skull, and as Frau Holzmann owned only about two teeth, there could hardly be a doubt that it was the skull of the murdered woman.

Murdered, but how? For both the manager and his brother were quite sure that the skull was whole, that it showed no sign either of fracture or flaw, and on no part of the woman's body could the medical experts discover trace of a mortal wound, or other indication of the cause of death.

Another strange and curious find was that of a man's finger-ring in the bend of the woman's elbow. It was there when the doctor straightened the arm—dumb witness of a terrible crime.

A common brass ring, such as is worn by thousands of German peasants and workmen, with no mark of peculiarity that might afford a clue to its ownership. It was nevertheless put carefully aside.

Suspicion naturally fell on the two lodgers. They were confessedly the last persons who had seen the deceased, they stayed in the house several days after her disappearance, and had therefore every opportunity not only of murdering her, but of cutting up and concealing her body.

There was, moreover, the damning fact that under the bedroom floor had been found a part of the remains. It appeared further that Rauscheimer, accompanied by his sweetheart, went on Easter Sunday to the house and took away many of Mother Holzmann's things, which he afterwards sold.

Reasons enough for arresting, him, and both he and Steiner were taken into custody.

When Rauscheimer was examined, he showed great coolness and presence of mind, answering the questions put to him frankly and without equivocation.

Frau Holzmann, he said, left the house on Good Friday with another woman, quite early, and before leaving gave him the key. That was all he knew.

They took him to see the body, but the sight of it did not move him in the least.

He could not tell whether it was Mother Holzmann's body or not. All he could say was that he had done her no harm, and that the evidence he had given was the truth. He took a few of her things, it was true—that he admitted, but he was no murderer, thank heaven! And, though the examining magistrate had him up again and again, and plied him with questions for hours together, Rauscheimer adhered consistently to his story, and could neither be tricked into making damaging admissions, nor induced to contradict the evidence he had previously given.

Yet the magistrate felt morally certain that Rauscheimer was the man, and he resolved to make one more effort to entrap him into a confession. In this resolution he was strengthened by finding in a greasy old pocket-book, which Rauscheimer seemed always to have carried about with him, a paper printed at Cologne, and purporting to bear the signature of Jesus Christ.

This paper, which it is only right to say, does not appear to have been sanctioned by any ecclesiastical authority, was headed "Patent for the most heinous sins and crimes," and promised that whosoever had it in his possession should be held innocent of offence, and be fortunate in all his undertakings.

The judge knew that superstitious people in that part of the country, who had by them one of these patents considered their sins as absolutely wiped out and themselves as guiltless as if they had never done wrong. Equally potent was the possession of the "True Length of our Lord and Saviour's Body"—a piece of paper an inch wide and six feet long, bearing the imprint of these words.

The magistrate attributed Rauscheimer's coolness and the persistency with which he denied the crime imputed to him in great measure to the possession of this wonderful *Freibrief*—patent, or licence, to sin—and so had it taken away from him.

He then made as if he believed the man's protestations of his innocence of the greater crime, and questioned him exclusively about the theft, which Rauscheimer excused on the ground that, as Frau Holzmann had gone away, he thought there was no great harm in taking a few of the things she had left behind her.

He had, moreover, left in the house several things of his own, and exchange was no robbery. He was then shown a number of the articles he had stolen; but mixed with them were some that he had not stolen, and several things that were actually his own property.

Among other things were a pair of ear-rings, two gold hoops, and the copper finger-ring found in the bent elbow-joint of the dismembered corpse.

"Did you take all those things?" asked the judge.

"Certainly not!" answered Rauscheimer, eagerly. "This is mine, and this, and this—and yes—this copper ring (holding it up) is also mine. I told you I had left several things of my own in the house."

"I am not so sure about that," said the judge, doubtfully. "I think that ring was Mother Holzmann's. Put it on, and let me see if it fits you."

"There!" exclaimed the prisoner, holding up his hand in triumph; "it fits me exactly. Do you believe me now?"

"I do believe you," thundered the judge; "out of your own mouth you are convicted! That ring was found in the bend of Frau Holzmann's elbow and you are the murderer! Confess your crime and save your soul."

This damning piece of evidence and the magistrate's startling appeal was more than Rauscheimer could stand. He turned pale, trembled in every limb, and, falling on his knees, confessed his guilt. Superstitious as he was, it may be that in the loss of his *Freibrief* and the finding of the ring he saw the finger of God.

The confession, supplemented by severe cross-questioning, was long; but the gist of it may be briefly told.

Rauscheimer seems to have been a ne'er-do-well from his youth upwards. He had served in the wars of 1805 and 1809, sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other, witnessed the burning of Moscow, survived the horrors of the retreat, and been taken prisoner by the Russians at the passage of the Beresina. While helping in field hospitals he had seen many operations and learnt something of anatomy. He had also learnt that it is possible to put a person to death without shedding blood.

The war over, he got his living by vagabondage; and, believing that his landlady was rich, he resolved to murder her and take her money. On the morning of Good Friday, 1821, while all the other people of the house were at church, he threw himself suddenly upon the poor woman as she was making her bed, and throttled her till she died.

Then he dismembered the body and disposed of it as has been described. The dissection, he said, did not occupy him more than fifteen minutes. By ten o'clock the work was done, and then, red-handed as he was, he went to mass at the church of St. Moritz. He also attended the evening service.

Then at night, when all was quiet again, he tied up his victim's head in a cloth and threw it, together with his knife, into the canal.

All that he had to say in extenuation of his crime was, that he had need of money, and that to murder Mother Holzmann seemed the easiest way of getting what he wanted. But the result was disappointing; he found only little money, and the articles he appropriated were of no great value.

Rauscheimer was convicted on his own confession, and suffered death by beheading.

But long before these things came to pass, the other lodger, Joseph Steiner had been repeatedly under examination. He was so ignorant that he did not understand the nature of an oath, and so stupid that he seemed incapable of apprehending the plainest questions.

The examining magistrate had almost to educate the man before he could make anything of him. For a long time Steiner denied all knowledge of the crime or of Rauscheimer's movements on the day of the murder; but after several interrogations he spontaneously and unexpectedly volunteered a statement.

On the Good Friday night, he said, while lying in bed alone, his comrade being out, he heard heavy footsteps overhead and felt something drop on his face and hands. When morning came he found that these were drops of blood, and now he felt sure that the dismembered body hidden in the boden, was that of Frau Holzmann.

He hinted his suspicion to his comrade, who, thereupon, threatened him with death if he did not hold his tongue. It was out of fear that he had not spoken before. Rauscheimer had also once remarked to him what a thin slip of a woman Mother Holzmann was, and how easy it would be to make an end of her and to take her money.

This testimony the magistrate was disposed to believe, for the very good reason that having, as he thought, gauged Steiner's intellect, he did not believe him capable either of imagining facts or inventing a story. What he told must really have happened.

If Rauscheimer had not confessed, his fellow-lodger would have been the principal witness against him. After his comrade's confession, Steiner was questioned again. The judge told him what had happened, and put it to him plumply whether he had not been lying. Steiner admitted, frankly, that he had.

The magistrate seemed to want to know something so much, he said, and worried him so terribly that he thought he would tell him something—that was all, he did not mean any harm; he only wanted to please the Herr Richter. The poor fellow was, of course, let go.

Nothing could better show the strength and weakness of the system of questioning accused persons than the two episodes in question. The same keen, quick-witted judge who so adroitly drew from the clever Rauscheimer an avowal of his guilt, allowed himself to be deceived by the clumsy fiction of the thick-headed Steiner.

Nor is that all. If, as was quite possible, Rauscheimer had been innocent, and, undergone without flinching the ordeal of the ring, his comrade's false witness might, as likely as not, have ensured his conviction and caused his death. How many wretched prisoners have been worried into telling lies, either to please a judge or gain a respite from the modern substitute for torture, who can say!

Within The Veil.

BY JAMES E. MEARS.

LONG had I been pining to surrender myself to the glamor of some potent spell which might lift me, but for a moment, from the dull actualities of life into the sunshine of a brighter sphere, and an experience more strong, vivid, and immaterial.

At length I determined to invoke the genius of *hasheesh*, and personally to test its powers. I went to an apothecary, with whom I was accustomed to deal, and begged to be supplied with fifteen grains of the genuine *Cannabis Indica*, stating that I desired to experiment; but upon what, or whom, I prudently left the good chemist to surmise for himself.

About five o'clock in the afternoon of one of those delicious days with which we are often blessed in early June, I valiantly swallowed a fifteen-grain dose of the magical Eastern drug, the "insane root," as Bayard Taylor irreverently calls it.

The scene about and above me was glorious in the calm of its perfect beauty. Not a cloud, save one solitary band of white transparent vapors, changing momentarily into "something new and strange" by the golden alchemy of sunlight, could be seen throughout the wide spaces of the heavens; the winds were soft and balmy; here and there a sprightly robin chirped its pleasant song among the garden trees; and, glancing beyond the tops of the trees and the roofs of the houses, which formed their not inappropriate background, the eye rested with delight upon the sky, so inexpressibly blue, and the birds that swept in airy circles higher and still higher towards the zenith.

It needed no philtre, no artificial stimulant, in the midst of such a scene, to steep the soul in that "divine languor," made of the sensuous and the spiritual, which is the atmosphere of Elysium. The happy moments passed unconsciously away; the sun neared the horizon, lingered, as it were, lovingly upon its boundary and then dipped, waned, and at length wholly disappeared. The tall form of a young chestnut tree, surrounded with a halo in the flush of evening, stood out against the luminous west, and the breeze, scarcely perceptible before, having utterly died away, it seemed as if its green leaves had been awed into stillness by some mysterious influence of the hour.

My eyes were riveted upon this tree. Gradually a vital motion crept thrilling along the branches; the green leaves changed to emeralds, tipped with ruby dews; and the white blossoms assumed the appearance of a crown of pearls wreathed with fringes of the most delicate pink. Then, although not a breath of wind could be heard or felt, the tree bent its head, and a murmur of voices, multitudinous and of perfect harmony, yet each plainly distinguishable by itself, flowed from its thousand leaves—among them the tones, strangely familiar, yet intensified to the utterance of the spirit, of those who had bidden me farewell with broken voices, and left me desolate in the bitter past. But the tones that now reached me expressed the concord of peace and love; no words were uttered, but a meaning deep as the life of the eternities came with them, and the profoundest sources of the soul were moved and stirred within me.

They surely said, "We have left you, oh, beloved! among the shadows, and in the darkness of the valley of death; but the love we bore you lives here without a blight or discord! We chant it in a perfect song, waiting for the time when the shadows shall fall off about you, and the star of the true life shall arise!"

So murmured the leaves; but, as I still continued to gaze upon them, and drink in their music, the whole landscape widened; the glories of the sunset streamed through incalculable distances, and by a strange compounding of space with time, I fancied myself the witness of a Grecian sunset in the days of Pericles. I stood upon the heights of the Acropolis, near to the world-renowned statue of Athene.

And still the prospect widened until the great cities of ancient fame were presented to my view—Persepolis, and Palmyra, and Babylon, and Nineveh, and Alexandria, and, finally, the tall spires of immemorial temples rising amidst the throng of strange houses and antique pagodas, as I contemplated them on the banks of the Indus and Ganges or far off amongst the untracked wilderness of Thibet.

And each city I looked upon was in the pride of its greatness and prosperity; a hum of unknown tongues, not clamorous, but measured and distinct, rose upon the air; philosophy flowed from the lips of Athenian sages, and the spell of the sophist was vanquished by its calm authority; the hymns of choristers celebrating the deeds of heathen divinities were mingled with the rush of great rivers and the stir of countless multitudes of men.

The olive and the palm-tree, separated by thousands of leagues, yet seemed, under the influence of some occult law, to wave in sympathy, and not a sound in that mighty swell of life contributing to the general and ultimate result but possessed individuality of its own.

Now, for a brief period, reason resumed her sway. The conviction that what I had seen was phantasmal and illusory, the deceptive offspring of the brown pill I had swallowed, no sooner became clear to my mind than I felt that I approached some other illusion as complete, perhaps, as the one that had just vanished.

It is hard to embody in words the feelings which so powerfully possessed me. The influence of the terrible spell which bound me became rapidly intensified. I attempted to walk across the floor, and, for the first time, one of the most ordinary and universal of hasheesh illusions seized upon me.

Upon advancing towards the door, it seemed as if each flowery figure in the pattern of the carpet had been suddenly endowed with a mystic life; they were indefinitely multiplied and spread out into measureless prairies, thronged with scarlet blossoms, uniform in shape and color, and all steadily inclined in the direction of a moon-like lustre which bordered the distant horizon.

Through interminable plains of dazzling color, and confronted by a magnificence so invariable and resplendent as to bewilder—nay, oppress—the vision, I traversed, with eager steps, hundreds and thousands of leagues; and still the garden of lances stretched unbroken around me, and the lustre on the distant horizon had not broadened into the definite rising either of sun or moon.

At last, after a century's travel, I emerged from the territory of flowers into the mild blaze of what ordinary people in their ordinary condition would have called an astral lamp, but what was to me a great globe of purest flame, suspended by chains of gold from the centre of an alabaster dome.

I shrink from attempting a description of the visions—let me rather call them the revelations—that followed. Up through the spaces of a realm of ineffable peace I floated in the stillness of the sunlight that has never known a cloud.

I dare not go into the detail of the circumstances of what I saw, and heard, and felt; but, reader, the solemn twilight of those august experiences is around me still, never wholly to depart until, indeed, I shall have entered within the veil!

THE TRUNK OF THE ELEPHANT.—Much misapprehension prevails regarding the uses and powers of the elephant's trunk. This organ is chiefly used by the animal to procure its food, and to convey it and water to its mouth, also to warn it of danger by the senses of smell and touch. It is a delicate and sensitive organ, and is never used for rough work. In any dangerous situation the elephant at once guards it by curling it up. The idea that he can use it for any purpose, from picking up a needle dragging a piece of ordnance from a bog, and many others connected with the elephant, founded entirely upon imagination. Elephants engaged in such work as dragging timber invariably take the rope between their teeth, they never attempt to put a heavy weight with the trunk.

A Dangerous Enemy.

We cannot too earnestly urge the necessity of using the Compound Oxygen Vitalizing Treatment of Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109, Girard St., Philadelphia, in the very commencement of Pulmonary trouble and before the disease has made serious inroads upon the system and reduced its power to contend with so dangerous an enemy. If your cough is becoming troublesome, if you are beginning to lose flesh or strength, and have night-sweats, send at once to Drs. Starkey & Palen for such documents and reports of cases as will enable you to understand the nature and action of their Treatment.

Our Young Folks.

A LESSON IN MANNERS.

BY ROBERT HELLER.

"Good morning, hen," said Mary.
"Good morning, hen," said she;
"Why don't you say 'Good morning,
Good morning, miss,' to me?"

"How d' you do?" said Mary,
"How d' you do?" said she;
"When I say 'How d' you do?' to you,
Say 'How d' you do?' to me."

"You 'want an apple,' do you?
Well, I don't wish to tease,
But 'want' is not good manners—
You should say, 'If you please.'"

"I think 'Cluck, cluck' was what you said;
You don't call that polite:
'Cluck, cluck' is not the thing to say,
But, 'Thank you, miss,' is right."

"Good morning, hen," said Mary;
"Good morning, you may go;
Why don't you say 'Good morning,
Good morning, miss,' you know."

ALWAYS IN A HURRY.

BY PIPKIN.

HE was always in a hurry.

That was how he got late to the party and ran away with the——.

But that ought not to be told till the end of the story, unless we are in a hurry too.

"I am going to a party to-night," said Harry Holt to the next boy in school. "Such fun! I must be off the moment school is over."

"Can you dance?"

"Oh, yes—if the others can. They turn one round and round, and they take one about by the jacket-sleeve if it is a quadrille; and then it is all right!"

The master's voice stopped him. "It will be all wrong with you, Harry Holt, if you don't keep quiet."

"Please, sir, I can't, sir," said Harry, under his breath. "I am going to a party!"

Two or three boys began to wheeze like lemonade-bottles when the corks are half out, and then they began to laugh.

"Take your French books, and sit by the window alone. Quick!" said the master.

Harry jumped up—hurrying, of course. The floor was of polished boards. Harry was in such a hurry that his heels slid from under him, and he sat down in the middle of the floor and shot his books on farther.

When the boys stopped laughing Dr. Macquitor put on his spectacles, as he always did before saying something terrible.

But Harry was gone scrambling under the benches to the farthest corner in chase of his dictionary. So the master looked about, and said, "Very extraordinary—very!"

And by that time Harry was perched on the high seat under the window, working away at his French.

"Done, sir!" cried Harry before long, and thereupon he stalked up to the master's table.

There were other boys waiting, and he got into conversation with one of them.

"There is always fun at the Mayfields', and such a supper spread downstairs, and we go down two and two," said Harry. "You take a girl down, you know, and ask what she will have. The girls always say, 'Anything, thank you.' So you give them the nearest thing that doesn't want cutting up, and there's no more bother. Mrs. Mayfield says I am very polite. I always take three girls down one after the other."

"Silence!" said a voice sternly, and Harry's translation was taken out of his hand.

"Stay here till you do this and the next exercise without any mistakes."

Ding-dong-ding! began the bell for the end of school.

"But, sir," gasped Harry, "I am going to a party! Tea is at half-past four. Oh! what shall I do? what shall I do?"

At half-past four he was released from school; he rushed home in such a hurry that he ran against two milk-boys, and a big dog, and a post-man, and banged so hard against a doctor's boy that all the medicine-bottles clattered in his basket.

The dog growled, and the post-man said solemnly,—"Take care of your head, young man!"

And all the errand-boys—particularly that boy with the bottles—would have made a quarrel if they could have stopped him.

However, Harry got home safely enough, and rushed up two flights of stairs, and tumbled up two others.

He put soap in his eyes, and tied his thumbs twice into his necktie, and brushed his hair up on end and then down again.

He went down to the drawing-room door. "Mother, is Trottie ready?"

His mother came out and tied the necktie neatly, and made his curls lie smooth.

"Trottie is gone long ago," she said. "You must take the music of her song about the star, and take your 'Minstrel's March.' Now good-bye, and run away."

Harry "run away" very fast when he got out into the streets. It had been rainy for a week past, but to-day was fine. At a corner close to the Mayfields' there was a sweeper's cart, and a crossing-sweeper had a wheelbarrow of watery black mud and swept together in the side of the street.

Harry saw a carriage stopping at Mrs. Mayfield's door, and a girl in white, whom he knew quite well, was stepping out and running up the steps to the house.

"I am not quite the last!" panted Harry; looking only at the little girl in white at the top of those steps farther down the street. He rushed across, and knew nothing until he was in the middle of the sea of mud, with his feet entangled in the crossing-sweeper's broom.

Harry went slowly the rest of the way. He was soon cheered up, and told he was none the worse, with shoes and stockings changed; then of course he hurried to tea, just as all the other boys and girls were trooping away from the table. Upstairs the sound of music began, and when he went up, he was turned round and round, and taken about by the sleeve for an hour.

His sister Trottie was there—a little girl in white tied round with a blue sash, and with a bouquet of flowers as big as her head. She sang her song about the star bravely, and then Mabel said Harry could play.

"The sooner over, the better," thought Harry, sitting at once to the piano, and beginning to rattle on as fast as he could.

Mrs. Mayfield laid her hand on his shoulder. "A little slower, dear. Your minstrels could not march at that rate."

"If they could not walk as fast as that," said Harry, "they could never get to anywhere!"

Then he heard a move and an uproar of glee. It was the baby coming. Baby Mayfield was put in his chair, and the children clustered round him. Now, Harry had no idea what to say to a baby; he would never try, because either he would feel foolish, or the baby would pucker up its face and cry at him. He never asked to hold one; he felt as if it might come to pieces, like his jointing map, when he tried to lift it up.

So Harry just stared, and then shyly withdrew to devote himself to the dog Lubin, and to a wooden cart and horse. He wished Baby Mayfield had been left upstairs. What could a boy do with a baby? And how could Trottie make such a fuss over it, shaking the rattle at the side of the chair, and making the baby crow?

To Harry it was all a bore; he liked dancing, and he liked games, and he liked supper—particularly jam puffs; but he could not get on with a baby.

"Suppose we give baby to Trottie when she is going home?" the baby's grandmother suggested.

"Suppose we do!" said Mrs. Mayfield, "Would you like to take him home with you? Shall we give you baby altogether?"

"Oh, yes, please do!" said Trottie, with all her heart.

Mrs Mayfield gave her a kiss; and Trottie had often been kissed when she had asked for something, and her mother was giving it as a present. So she made quite sure that she was to take home the baby with her, but she felt too shy to talk any more about it.

After this Master Harry took down four little girls, one after the other, to supper.

"There's a polite boy!" said Mrs. Mayfield.

Trottie was standing by, and she said out loud, "Harry asked me to come too, but I said I'd come by myself; and he has had six jam puffs, and five ices, and one of those, and two of these, and three of those over there, and——"

But Harry made such big eyes at Trottie that she stopped up suddenly, and put a spoonful of jelly in her mouth to keep herself from wanting to say any more.

"You are very rude," said Harry to Trottie afterwards; and that made her so miserable, that she had no heart to romp and play any more, and she began to wish it was time to go home.

On the landing outside the drawing-room door Harry saw Trottie, looking very lonely, and watching a large basket covered with wire.

"What is that?" he asked.

"You are to carry it home for me when we are going; and I hope nurse will come for us soon," said Trottie.

Harry thought—"These girls, when they go out, carry a whole heap of things with them. But I had no idea Trottie had such a basketful brought with her."

She had stepped into the drawing-room.

"The sooner the better. I shall run off and get back again," thought Harry. He snatched up the basket; it was very heavy. Downstairs he ran, put on his cap and overcoat, and went out and away, with one bang of the door.

Harry was in such a hurry, that he took the wrong turning and lost his way. Then the bundle in the basket began to stir and to kick, and all at once it began to cry, as if the basket was full of nothing but screams.

Harry sank down on a doorstep in despair. He had run away with the baby.

The little thing was already wrapped in blanket, and then in a sheet. Harry bravely took off his overcoat, and laid it over the basket. And here he sat shivering, and ready to cry too, for he had not the least idea where he was, or what he could do with this bundle of screams.

Meanwhile, at Mrs. Mayfield's there was a long howl and whine from the top of the house, and all the children ran upstairs, and found the pug-dog Lubin standing in the empty cradle. The nursery maid had been out of the room.

"Oh, come upstairs, ma'am!" she shrieked. "Lubin has gone and swallowed the baby, and here he is howling his head off!"

Then little Trottie said quietly, "No; but I think Harry took the baby home, as you gave him to me."

"My dear!" Mrs. Mayfield was in horror. "That was a slight mistake!"

So Mrs. Mayfield and the maid, and all the boys of the party, went in haste to Harry's home.

But no boy had arrived, and no baby. There was an assembly of all the family in the hall consulting what to do, when a noisy crowd came round the corner and straight to the door.

In the middle of the crowd was a policeman's helmet. The policeman was carrying the bundle of screams, and leading Harry, who was dragging the basket after him through the mud.

Not a very grand way of coming home from a party—was it?

Trottie said, "That baby was a great take-in!" But Harry had certainly the worst of it. Why, even the fellows at school heard the story; and of course they heard a wrong story altogether.

They asked Harry if it were true that he took so many jam puffs that he couldn't get home; and was he really brought to his home in a clothes-basket between two policemen?

BEE-HUNTING.

THE woods in Central New York afford snug hiding places for bees, and many tons of honey are stowed away in the cavities of the trees.

Frank Smith, Joe Towne and Sam Whyte lived in the town of Clearfield. They attended the same school together, and were great chums. When one boy knew of any nice watermelon patch or orchard that could be safely raided, the others were told of it and helped to carry out the plan.

One Friday in June, during the morning session of the school, Joe Towne wrote some words on a piece of paper and threw it to Frank Smith. Frank read it and threw it to Sam Whyte, who read it and then put it up. At recess the three boys assembled in an obscure corner of the yard, and started to discuss the subject of the note.

"Is it true?" asked Frank.

"Where is it?" asked Sam.

"Yes, sir; it's true," replied Joe, "and it's the biggest bee-tree nest found near here in three years."

"Does anybody else know of it?" inquired Sam.

"I don't think so; it's in a place where no one goes. We ought to go early to-morrow, as Fred Jones and his chum, Ike Walters, will follow us if we let them suspect our intention," said Joe.

"I can go to-morrow, at seven o'clock; my brother Jim 'll tend to my chores if I give him some of the honey," said Sam, hacking at the fence with his pen-knife.

"I guess I can go, too," said Frank.

"All right, remember' seven sharp, meet at railroad crossing near land mark," said Joe, "Now scatter; I see 'Sneaky' Jones looking this way."

And the boys scattered, to play different games until the bell rang.

About half-past six the next morning, Joe started out for the meeting place.

He had an axe, three buckets, a large tin dipper and a coil of rope. Sam was already there, sitting on a tub, and soon Frank came running, at full speed through the bushes.

"Say, fellows, Sneaky Jones found us out, an' he's coming after us. Hide behind the trees, and give me your rope Joe," cried Frank, dodging behind a tree. The others followed his example, and presently "Sneaky" Jones was seen coming down the wagon-road.

Frank made a slip-knot in the rope, and peered out to watch Jones. Jones came along until he saw one of Joe's buckets lying in the road.

"I'll bet they are not gone yet, only hiding till I go away, but I'll get the best of them," muttered "Sneaky," stooping down to examine the bucket.

While engaged in this, Frank ran out and, by a quick motion of his right hand, fastened the noose over "Sneaky's" shoulders. The others ran out to him. Making "Sneaky" walk to a tree, they bound him securely to it. While in this helpless condition he was made to tell how he found out the secret.

During a game of ball, Sam threw off his coat. The note, which Sam forgot to destroy, protruded out of his pocket. Jones was lying on the grass, near the coat, and with his usual inquisitiveness, took the note out.

After considering, the boys left him bound, telling him that they would release him when they came back. The walk to the tree occupied two hours, and it was fully half an hour before they could determine which method of attack would be best.

At last, they decided to chop the tree down, as the fall would break the trunk and make it easy to gather the honey.

Frank foisted the axe and commenced to cut. The bees were too intent on gathering their winter food to notice the jar which each blow gave the tree.

The bee-nest was about sixteen feet above the ground, and, judging by the sounds of the axe, the trunk was hollow in the centre. When the tree began to totter, Sam stood with a match and some straw ready to quiet the bees with smoke in case they became excited. As the tree struck the ground, it split open, displaying a lot of honey within.

The bees were stunned by the suddenness of the attack, and offered no resistance; crawling over the wreck of their home as if not comprehending the matter. The honey comb was broken in some pieces, and this was packed in the buckets. That which was not broken was packed in the tub.

After this, the boys fell to, and for an hour afterwards, the golden honey was dripping from the fingers of each boy and disappearing down his throat.

Finally they arranged their tools and started for home. There was not much honey left in the tree, and they knew that the 'coons and 'possums would devour it that night.

When they arrived at the place where they had left Jones he was nowhere to be found. They learned afterwards that he had gotten his hands out of the ropes, but at the expense of much skin, and unloosened the other ropes.

His father gave him something to remember, for going out and not asking permission. His inquisitive disposition is not diminished, however, but as he finds that it continually gets him into trouble, there is hope one of these days he will be cured.

A. J. BRADLEY.

SOME SIMPLE REMEDIES.—"Accidents will happen in the best of families," is an old saying that can be verified by every housekeeper.

When sudden injuries or ailments come to a member of the family, prompt remedies are required, and they should be kept where they can easily be obtained and applied.

The accidents which most frequently occur among children are cuts, bruises, and burns and to this list I will add such diseases as croup, cramp, colic, &c. For all these there are a few standard remedies and appliances which every mother may have in readiness for use.

I will suggest these: A small bundle of cotton or linen rags, a few pieces of flannel, a little cotton batting for ear-ache, &c., and a rolled bandage; this is made of strips of old muslin two inches wide, sewed together with ends overlapped, not seamed, then rolled as tightly as possible. The bandage may be from three to twenty yards in length, additions being made from time to time as suitable material is found. This must be kept for severe injuries, where complicated bandages may be required. For ordinary cut fingers or toes a supply of rags is easily kept ready.

For cuts, besides the wrappings, we need a package of court plaster, and some vaseline or other healing salve.

For bruises, apply tincture of arnica; but if there be laceration with the bruise use glycerole of arnica in preference.

For severe burns cloths wet in a solution of soda should be quickly applied. For slight burns a mixture of lime-water and sweet oil brings speedy relief.

For bee stings or the bites of insects use spirits of ammonia.

For cough or threatened croup, a good cough syrup may be procured from your physician. The use of this, with a hot foot bath, oiling the soles of the feet, and the chest, and avoiding exposure, will usually prevent an acute attack of croup. Should it come, however, grate a tea-spoonful of alum, mix it with molasses and sugar, and give. Send for a doctor always in case of croup, if possible.

For cramps, colic, pleurisy, or any severe pain, a mustard plaster is often serviceable. To make it, mix flour and water to a thick paste, spread on a heavy cloth, sprinkle mustard over it, then cover with a thin cloth, such as cambric or mosquito net.

For neuralgia, wring flannel cloths from hot water and apply to the part affected, changing for hot cloths frequently.

For greater convenience in reference, I will place the things I have named in a list—1, soft rags, cotton and woollen, 2, long bandage rolled; 3, cotton, 4, one bottle of glycerole of arnica, 5, one package of court plaster, 6, one box of vaseline, or healing salve, 7, soda in a tin box; 8, one bottle of lime-water and sweet oil; 9, one bottle of ammonia; 10, one bottle of cough syrup; 11, one large lump of alum; 12, one box of mustard. All bottles should be plainly labelled.

A good plan is to keep all these things in a box, which must always be in its place, and which must not be made a receptacle for old bottles, powders, pill-boxes, or any useless rubbish."

M. S.

A CLERICAL JOKE.—Old Doctor Jones was not often outwitted by his people. On one occasion he had invited a young minister to preach for him, who proved rather a dull speaker, and whose sermon was unusually long. The people became wearied, and as the Doctor lived near the bridge, near the commencement of the afternoon service, he saw his people flocking across the river to the other church. He readily understood that they feared they should have to hear the same young man in the afternoon.

Gathering up his wits, which generally came at his bidding, he said to the young minister—

"My brother across the river is rather feeble, and I know he will take it kindly to have you preach to his people, and if you will do so, I will give you a note to him, and will be as much obliged to you as I would have you to preach for me; and I want you to preach the same sermon that you preached to my people this morning."

The young minister, supposing this to be a commendation of his sermon, started off in good spirits, delivered his note, and was invited to preach most cordially. He saw before him one-half of Doctor Jones's people, and they had to listen one hour and a half to the same dull, hum-drum sermon that they heard in the morning. They understood the joke, however, and said they would never undertake to run away from the Doctor again.

A RECENT prize man in one of the leading New England colleges is said to have paid his way through college by buying old clocks and other bric-a-brac in back country towns and selling them at fancy prices to New York and New Haven collectors.

A WAYSIDE THOUGHT.

BY C. S.

Gather the gold of the sunshine,
  Falling in showers at your feet;
Hid in white cups of the lily,
  Garnered in ripening wheat,
Filtering down through the tree-top—
  Down to the violet blue.
Gather the gold of the sunshine—
  A bountiful blessing for you!

Hoard the sweet music of laughter,
  Outflowing from innocent lips,
Like th' sound of the cool, dripping water,
  Where robin his ruffled wing dips.
'Tis the song-bird of merriest childhood,
  That sings to your care-burdened heart.
Then hoard the sweet music of laughter,
  'Twill give you of youth-time a part.

Count the kind words that are falling
  Around you on every side;
Heed not the voices contentious,
  Full of ill-humor and pride.
Gentleness, patience and meekness
  All in rare beauty will grow.
If you count the kind words that are spoken,
  And let the other ones go.

Plant the sweet flowers of affection
  All thro' the chill winter hours;
Never a seed of dissension
  Can spring from these beautiful flowers.
A garden of fragrant enchantment
  Will grow from the tiniest seed,
Then plant the sweet flowers of affection,
  To gather again in your need.

NATURE AND NOVELISTS.

Seeing that so many hundreds of novels are published every year there is little wonder that occasionally authors should drop upon the same events, or even names, for use in their stories. Sometimes this is due to accident; at other times it is attributed to something with a rather harsher name; for instance, when we find a late eminent statesman applying the expression of "gondola of London" to a hansom cab, and find that the same expression was used by Balzac years before to describe the *fiacre* of Paris, we are justified in thinking that there is something more than chance in the coincidence.

Mr. James Payn, in his "Literary Recollections," relates one of these coincidences. In his novel of "Lost Sir Massingberd," the principal character is accidentally imprisoned in a hollow tree, starves to death there, and is not discovered for many years. Some years after the publication of his novel a paragraph appeared in a paper of this city, saying that a large oak tree had been thrown down by a hurricane, and in the hollow trunk there had been found a human skeleton, with some brass buttons and shreds of clothing, and among other things a pocket-book with a number of papers. From these it was gathered that the man was an officer in the Revolutionary Army, and had fallen into this terrible prison in escaping from his Indian would-be captors.

On another occasion, too, Mr. Payn has been made a prophet in spite of himself. In a novel called "Murphy's Master," he got rid of a number of disagreeable characters on an island in the Indian Seas by what he calls "the simple, though startling device of submerging the island itself." Some critics thought it was rather a bold stroke even for fiction; but Nature was so favorably impressed with the idea that she made use of it herself two years afterwards by submerging an island in the Bay of Bengal, with a lighthouse and seven scientific workers.

An event which is fresh in the memory of the public—the case of the shipwrecked sailors of the Mignonette—affords another example of this curious coincidence of nature and fiction. It will be remembered that the youth who was killed by his companions was named Parker. Many years ago, Poe, in his tale of "Arthur Gordon Pym," described the murder of one of a shipwrecked crew in order to find food for the others, and gave him this identical name of Parker. Some superstitious people will doubtless feel afraid of such a name in future.

Charles Dickens, in the course of his busy life, encountered several curious accidents of the like nature. There is one which he calls "a wonderful, paralyzing coincidence," which deserves mention here, although not connected altogether with literature. He once attended the Doncaster races, and in joke wrote down the names of the winning horses for the three chief races. He had never in his life either thought or heard of the merits of any of the horses, and "if you can believe it without your hair standing on end, those three races were won, one after another, by those three horses!!!" On another occasion he had written for "All the Year Round" a ghost story, founded on a narration of actual experiences from one of his friends. On revising the proofs he found it would be an advantage to fix a date to the occurrence, and wrote in, "13th September." When the story appeared he received a letter from an indignant gentleman who affirmed that he was the hero of the story, and as he was engaged in writing an account of it for another journal, he was naturally annoyed at finding the ground cut from under his feet. What especially astonished him, however, was that the date—the 13th of September—was the actual date of the occurrence, although he was positive he had never mentioned it to anyone.

It is well known that Dickens took great pains in giving appropriate and suggestive names to his characters, varying them in every possible manner until they satisfied his fastidious taste. It is amusing to find Pepys relating that he went with Captain Cuttle and two others to the Fleece Tavern, to drink and talk of foreign lands. In "David Copperfield," poor, harmless, wool-gathering Mr. Dick is always being troubled with recollections of King Charles the First and his unhappy fate. It seems that in the time of the Civil Wars there actually was a Sir William Dick, who befriended Charles and left him money for the furtherance of the Royalist cause. It has been suggested that Dickens may have seen the name in this connection, and used it, perhaps, unconsciously. That it is nothing more than a coincidence, however, is clearly shown by the fact that in the original manuscript of the novel the name of our old friend is not Mr. Dick at all, but Mr. Robert.

Grains of Gold.

Flowers are like the pleasures of the world.

Nature is to the mind what heaven is to the soul.

First daughter to the love of God is charity to man.

We eat to please ourselves, but dress to please others.

Every tear of sorrow sown by the righteous springs up a pearl.

Thought is the wind, knowledge the sail, and mankind the vessel.

Why say that a thing is without the color of truth? The truth is never colored.

No matter how skillfully a man plays the game of life, there is but one test of his ability—did he win?

We ought to reckon time by our good actions, and place the rest to the account of our not having lived.

He that hath a secret spring of spiritual joy, and a continual feast of a good conscience within him, cannot be miserable.

Disappointment is not in the vocabulary of faith. Expectation is not faith, and our expectations are often disappointed.

The wealth of a man consists in the number of things he loves, and also in the number of things he is loved and blessed by.

Many persons, like a mocking-bird or a blank wall, say nothing of themselves, but give back imperfectly the utterances of others.

Men who think for themselves do not believe quite so much as those to who take what they have from hearsay; but it is a better quality of faith.

Life is hardly respectable if it has no generous tasks, duties or affections that constitute a necessity for existing. Every man's task is his life preserver.

Avoid raillery; it offends him who is the object of it. He that indulges this humor is the scourge of society, and the majority of people fear and avoid him.

If we practice goodness, not for the sake of its own intrinsic excellence, but for the sake of gaining some advantage by it, we may be cunning, but we are not good.

A tender conscience is an inestimable blessing; that is, a conscience not only quick to discern what is evil, but instantly to shun it, as the eyelid closes itself against a mote.

In all evils which admit a remedy, impatience should be avoided, because it wastes that time and attention in complaints which, if properly applied, might remove the cause.

Never take food to a pic-nic. Take plenty of wholesome drink, and something to drink it from. Never go to a great distance. Never take very small children. Do not stay long. Have a hearty meal as soon as you get home.

Our powers are limited. No one ever saw the whole of anything, however simple it may appear; and the more complex the object, the smaller the fraction that we behold. If we but realise this fully, it will go far towards dispelling prejudice and broadening our outlook.

If we would avoid moral intolerance, we must cultivate our imagination, widen our sympathies, search for excellence rather than defects, and give a generous and ready honor to those virtuous qualities which we ourselves lack, and which from habit we have come to esteem lightly.

Femininities.

Paris has a woman's rights association.

A woman's tears soften a man's heart—her flatteries his head.

Young wives seek to conquer by coquetting, old wives by worrying.

It was a wicked old bachelor who said that girls who do not flirt, die young.

There is one good thing about the seventeen-year locusts. The female is mute.

Women are paid 40 cents a day and their board as farm laborers in South Carolina.

Florence Marryat, the novelist, recently advised the girls to "sit down on the men."

A Kentucky woman who began smoking at an early age died recently in her 110th year.

The Dahomey girls defend their kingdom by forming into armies and singing, instead of fighting.

"Maggie, I do not like to see this dust on the furniture." "All right, mum, I'll shut the blinds at once."

An old maid, speaking of marriage, says it is the same with that as with any other disease—while there is life there is hope.

Pet lambs are to take the place of pug dogs as companions of fashionable young ladies at the watering-places this summer.

A Boston woman boils beefsteaks for her husband, and he asks for a divorce. If she fried them he would doubtless want to kill her.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor, of New York, has donated a box of books to each of the forty life-saving stations on the New Jersey coast.

Women in Kansas are, according to a recent decision of the Attorney-General, entitled to vote at District School Board elections.

Clothes calculation shows that ten yards of flirtation and a bushel of gush constitute a full seaside outfit for a fashionable young lady.

The mails at Lincolnton, N. C., are handled by three women—Miss Nannie Hoke, the newly-appointed postmaster, and her two female assistants.

It isn't generally necessary for us to wait till a heart breaks out in flames to know that it is full of combustibles, and that a spark has got among them.

Serving supper in a tent lined with blocks of ice, covered with flowers and ferns, is an American idea that has been introduced into London ball-giving.

A young lady at Albany, Ga., keeps a scrapbook filled with newspaper clippings concerning the illnesses, deaths and funerals of her intimate friends.

"How can I find out all about the young lady to whom I am engaged?" asks a prospective Benedict. The simplest way we know of would be to marry her.

Miss M. A. Rooks, postmaster—there is no such word as "postmistress"—at Monroe, Ga., has not missed a day's duty since her original appointment, April 27, 1865.

"The Sad Fate of a Flirt," is the title of an article in an exchange. The flirt probably married the dude she had been flirting with. That would be sad for both of them.

"A servant girl who permits no familiarities on the part of the gentleman of the house," advertised for a place in Cincinnati, and received 500 answers in two days—all from ladies.

Ladies who claim to be delicate, and unable to walk any distance when in the city, do not hesitate to take long tramps in the hot sun when they take up their residence in the country.

"Oh, Clara, did you see that Miss Astor was married the other day?" "Was she dearie? I hope the wedding was a happy one." "Oh, it was. She had a satin train three yards long."

The Ex-Empress Eugenie wrote the following pathetic sentence in a private letter: "I am left alone, the sole remnant of a shipwreck which proves how fragile and frail are the grandeurs of this world."

A coincidence: "All alone, my dear child? I'm afraid that husband of yours neglects you terribly. He's always at his club when I call." "Yes, mamma; but he's at home at all other times."

In these days the young woman must reflect seriously as to whether she would rather devour unlimited ice-cream at her best fellow's expense, or have him come out in a new summer suit and hat. This is her alternative; let her choose wisely and unselfishly.

An English novelty is the Viscountess Folkestone's ladies' string band and chorus, composed of 120 aristocratic performers, which gave a concert on July 8, when the Prince and Princess of Wales were present. Among the soloists was the Viscountess herself.

A pretty girl in Lewiston, Me., joined the Salvation Army, and was so imbued with the spirit of meekness and humility, that she gave away all her personal property, including her jewelry, and all her clothing but the cheapest. She has now come to her senses, but she cannot get her goods back.

A clairvoyant had under treatment for cancer, near Boston, a lady who died, and a Boston journal prints the following as a letter received by the family of the deceased shortly after her death, from the "doctor:" "North Easton, June 6.—Mrs. ——: And you about the same. The acid in the blood has rather diminished. Use the medicine, and bathe same. Keep along with the poultice."

Some European ladies passing through Constantinople paid a visit to a certain high Turkish functionary. The host offered them refreshments, including a great variety of sweetmeats, always taking care to give to one of the ladies double the quantity he gave to the others. Flattered by this marked attention, she put the question through the interpreter, "Why do you serve me more liberally than the rest?" "Because you have a larger mouth," was the straightforward reply.

Masculinities.

Keepsakes are the hostages of friendship, constancy, and love.

The Parisian style of ice-cream eating substitutes a thin and brittle little cake for a spoon.

"My wife," remarked Fitznoodle, "is nearly crazy over the fashions. She's got the delirium trimmins."

If there is any one thing which the average American can do satisfactorily, it is to tell a parent how to govern the other's child.

Prince Henry, of Battenburg, who is to marry Queen Victoria's daughter, is said to have an income of only $6 a week. His tailor is a man to be pitied.

The queer statement is made that a police officer at Los Angeles, Cal., has become delirious from the too frequent brushing of his teeth. Altogether tooth-in.

The wealthy Baron Rothschild, who is collecting autographs, asked a celebrated German novelist for an addition to his album, and received the following: "Riches are no disgrace."

Miss Tulip, in speaking of old bachelors, says that they are frozen-out old bachelors in the flower-bed of love. As they are useless as weeds, they should be served in precisely the same manner—choked.

Twelve peaches was the bonus which a "society man" at Greensborough, Ga., paid a formidable rival to desist from courting the lady to whose heart he himself had been laying siege for several years.

William Drummond, once Chief Justice of Utah, where he waged a bitter warfare on Brigham Young, has been fined $6 by a Chicago police justice for stealing papers from the top of a letter-box so as to obtain the stamps.

A wife-beating case in Richmond, Va., recently, led to a meeting of ladies in that city, the other day, and the adoption of resolutions favoring the establishment of a whipping-post as a punishment for wife-beaters.

There is a complaint in New York clubs that some of their foreign guests abuse the privileges of the club houses. They smoke pipes, place their feet upon chairs, and behave like Hoodlumpers rather than gentlemen.

When a man gets a letter for his wife at the postoffice, and he forgets to give it to her for a week or so, the safest way of letting her have it is to tie it to the end of a long fishing-pole, and poke it through a window at her.

A French authority states that we underestimate the fashion of males wearing bracelets in France, and tells us of several distinguished personages who wear bracelets with portraits in them, and, in lieu of portraits, tender phrases.

The Rev. Bartholomew Edwards is the patriarch of the English clergy. In 1833, a year after his ordination, he was given the rectorship of Ashill, near Walton, Norfolk, and he has now held it for over seventy-two years. He is ninety-seven years old.

Some of the cadets at West Point have from thirty to forty pairs of white trousers, but as the discipline is exceedingly strict and impartial, those who have only three or four pairs are permitted to wear as many at a time as those who have thirty or forty.

Smith to Jones (the latter but recently married): "Well, it wasn't so hard to get married, after all, was it?" Jones—"There's something harder than getting married." Smith—"Getting a divorce, I suppose." Jones—"No—getting the furniture."

It is singular, but a fact nevertheless, that almost any community will wink at conduct on the part of a band of students which would be unanimously condemned and promptly punished if indulged in by the employes of a shoe factory or a machine shop.

Don't take a chew of tobacco just because some of the big boys say it will make a man of you, and looks smart. Chewing tobacco never did make a man, but it has been known to make a boy very sick, and will cause him to regret it many a time. It's a mighty good thing to let alone.

It is a singular historical fact that the elegant soft hat of the Spaniard has remained the same from the earliest period to the present day, while among all other civilized nations a transformation in that article has taken place. Comfort in the wear seems to have given place at all times to fancy and the demands of fashion.

A droll incident recently occurred in Paris. An itinerant vendor bawled about "The art of correcting and keeping a woman in order, for two sous! Buy, buy, buy!" Several men invested their two sous; but presently the vendor was surrounded by women, who showed him the art of correcting men by administering to him a severe drubbing.

It was long after midnight, and the minutes were clicking by like hours. "I love a graceful elm-tree," she remarked. "How I wish I were an elm-tree," he responded, quickly. "I wish you were, too." "Why do you?" he inquired, with a world of devotion in his voice. "Because," she replied, "because trees leave once a year, at least." And he slammed the door behind him.

Nicefellow: "I find you are a very early bird, Miss Blank." Miss Blank: "How did you make that discovery, Mr. Nicefellow?" Nicefellow: "I heard you practicing before six o'clock this morning." Miss Blank: "Practicing?" Nicefellow: "Yes, on the piano. You were playing one of Chopin's nocturnes, I think." Miss Blank: "It must have been some other morning. I have not touched the piano to-day." Miss Blank's little brother: "No, that wasn't sister. It was me with the lawn-mower!"

An English writer asks, "Why not eat insects?" and follows the query by numerous historical instances to prove that they are palatable and were delicate food. The old Romans ate them, and other nations have affected certain kinds. In all seriousness he presents the following as an attractive menu: "Snail soup; fried soles with woodlouse sauce; curried cockchafer; fricasee of chicken with chrysolists; boiled neck of mutton with wireworm sauce; cauliflowers garnished with caterpillars, and moths on toast."

The Queen of Hearts.

BY HENRY FRITH.

I WAS eighteen when I first discovered the tender place in my heart.

Spending the summer vacation in the country with a college friend, I was necessarily thrown much into the society of his sister.

Emma May was a sweet girl of seventeen with bright eyes, golden curls, and a rose in each cheek—the very kind of beauty to captivate a boy's fancy.

We rode and walked together in the cool hours of the morning; during the heat of the day we spent many delightful hours in the fine old library, reading our most favorite authors.

Emma had a musical voice, and to hear her read the pictured page of Scott, or the glowing poems of Byron, lent an additional charm to the writings of these unrivalled geniuses.

In the evening, when the beautiful queen of night filled the earth with her silvery light, Emma and I strolled through the garden, and I gathered the richest flowers to deck her brow.

In those sweet hours we loved, and were happy.

Thus passed away the summer like a delicious dream, until the sad hour of separation arrived.

We parted with mutual tears, promising never to forget each other; but in a year Emma was married, and I had suffered another object to take possession of my heart.

Such is first love—sweet, but brief; ardent but not lasting.

At a party I saw Arabella Coldthorpe surrounded by a crowd of admiring gentlemen.

I approached, and gazed on beauty such as floods the soul of the poet when rapt in gorgeous day-dreams.

Miss Coldthorpe possessed a form and face which might have served Apelles as a model for his exquisite picture of Venus coming from the sea.

Her rich brown hair fell luxuriantly over the most lovely neck that I have ever seen; the lily and the rose mingled in her cheeks, as the setting sun touches the soft, white clouds, melting them into beauty.

I sought an introduction to this ravishing creature, and secured her hand for the "Lancers."

I was so fascinated by the grace and beauty of my partner, that I nearly destroyed the harmony of the dance by my blunders.

When I begged her to excuse my mistakes, and said that I was more interested in my partner than in the "Lancers," a smile parted her rich lips, displaying teeth as lustrous as Eastern pearls.

At the end of the quadrille, a gentleman claimed Miss Coldthorpe's hand for the next set, and I had but little opportunity of conversing with her; but her overpowering beauty had made a deep impression on my young and susceptible heart. I came, saw, and was conquered.

I visited Miss Coldthorpe a few days after the party; but, there being several other gentlemen present, I could only say a few words to her.

I frequently saw Arabella at the opera and concerts, and each time I became more and more impressed with her transcendent beauty.

Such was the state of affairs, when, one lovely evening in May, I joined her in the park.

Never had I seen Miss Coldthorpe look so beautiful. All that I had ever read or thought of female beauty seemed realized in the exquisite creature by my side. We extended our walk until we reached a spot which commanded a fine view of the western sky.

I drew Miss Coldthorpe's attention to the sun dying on a couch of gorgeous clouds. I spoke with ardor of the magnificent display.

She seemed surprised at my enthusiasm. I must confess I was more surprised at her want of enthusiasm. I alluded to other subjects dear to me—love, fame, glory. She listened with indifference to my glowing words; her eyes remained coldly beautiful.

Oh, that I have to say it of this splendid woman! Arabella Coldthorpe was like Pygmalion's exquisite ivory statue—she melted others into love, without feeling it herself.

Need I say that I was horribly disappointed at this discovery? I felt like a man tempted by what appeared to be a delicious feast, who, on approaching to partake, found the dishes were nothing else but painted delusions—exquisitely executed, indeed, but containing nothing to satisfy the cravings of hunger.

My recovery from this disappointment was much accelerated by the society of a gay and fascinating widow, who, about that time, visited our house for a few weeks. Mrs. Torrance was young, handsome, and as eager after conquests as Alexander or Cæsar.

To keep herself in practice, she condescended to captivate and drag me after her chariot-wheels.

She bestowed upon me all those flattering attentions which a clever woman knows how to use so well—she praised my taste in dress, my dancing, and sang my favorite songs.

I could not gaze into those matchless eyes, and listen to that silvery voice, day after day, with heart unmoved. I was soon madly in love with the charming widow, and each hour of each day added fuel to the flames of my passion.

On the day fixed for her departure, I managed to muster up sufficient courage to tell my love.

The widow listened with a smile to my blushing declaration, and said that she meant nothing serious—that she was only carrying on a little innocent flirtation—and went away with flying colors after new conquests, while I shut myself up with Byron, and determined to cut the women.

When I recall the queens who have reigned for a brief period over my heart, and then contemplate the angelic creature at my side, I feel truly grateful for the prize that has fallen to me.

Lillian, my wife, thou art all I could desire—beautiful and sweet, loving and pure, gentle and true.

TYING UP THE SUN.—The following is a curious New Zealand legend. "Old Morm was a great fisherman, and being one time in want of fish-hooks, he quietly killed his two sons, and took their jaw-bones for hooks. As a requital to them for the loss of their lives, he made the right eye of his eldest son the morning star and the right eye of his youngest son the evening star. One day he was sitting on a rock fishing with one of the jaw-bones, when he hooked something extraordinarily heavy—whales were nothing to him. However, this resisted all his endeavors, and at length he was obliged to resort to other means to land this monster. He caught a dove, and tying a line to its leg he filled it with his spirit, and commanded it to fly upwards. It did so, and without the least difficulty raised New Zealand! Old Morm looked at this prodigy with wonder, but thinking it very pretty he stepped ashore, where he saw men and fire. The first thing he did was to burn his fingers, and then, to cool them, he jumped into the sea, when the sulphur which arose from him was so great that Sulphur Island was formed! After this, things went on smoothly till the New Zealanders began to get refractory, and so offended the sun that his majesty refused to shine. So old Morm got up one day early and chased the sun, but it was not until after three days' hard hunting that he managed to catch him. A good deal of parleying then took place, and at last the sun consented to shine for half the day only. Old Morm, to remedy this evil, immediately made the moon stop, and tied it by a string to the sun so that when one went down it pulled the other up!"

SINCERITY.—In life sincerity is the sure touchstone of character. The good and valuable man is he who strives to realize day by day his own sincere conceptions of true manhood. Thousands are struggling to exhibit what some one else admires, to reach the popular standard, to be or appear to be respectable and honorable; but few make it their aim to live thoroughly up to their own individual convictions of what is right and good. Carlyle well says, "At all turns a man who will do faithfully needs to believe firmly. If he have to ask at every turn the world's suffrage, if he cannot dispense with the world's suffrage and make his own suffrage serve, he is a poor eye-servant, and the work committed to him will be misdone."

M. S.

Everybody's Air-Brake.

"Yes, sah," said Uncle Zach, "I'se watched it forty years an' it's as I sez: De fust of May an' Christmas day of de same year allers comes on de same week day."

Further conversation proved Uncle Zach a most incredulous person. Chancing to mention Dr. Carver's feat of breaking glass balls with a rifle, he said:

"I heerd 'bout dat shootin' and knowed right off it wasn't squar'; dat was a Yankee trick, boss' sho's you born."

"What was the trick?"

"Dar wuz loadstone put into de glass balls, an' likewise onto de bullets; so when de bullet fly outen de gun, it an' de ball jes drawed togedder, which, in course, brokes de glass—dat's de trick!"

Later, Uncle Zach observed a rope running along the side of the car.

"Boss, what's dat line fur?"

"To apply the air-brake in case of accident." Then we had further to explain how the force of the brake was obtained, to which Uncle Zach responded:

"Look a here boss, you sholy don't 'spect me to b'leeve dat foolishness? Why, de biggest harricane whatever blowed couldn't stop dis train, runnin' forty mile a hour. An' you think I gwine to b'leeve a little pipe full of wind under de kyare can do it? No, sah-ree!"

There are a great many Uncle Zachs who judge everything simply by appearances. The air-brake does not seem to be a very powerful thing, but power and efficiency are not necessarily equivalent to bigness and pretense.

Philip Beers, Esq., who resides at the United States Hotel, New York city, and is engaged in raising subscriptions for the New York *World* Bartholdi pedestal fund, was once upbraided by a distinguished relative who was a physician for commending in such enthusiastic terms, a remedy that cured him of bright's disease eight years ago. He said: "Sir, has the medical profession with all its power and experience of thousands of years, anything that can cure this terrible disorder?" No, no, that is true, there is no mistake about it but that Warner's safe cure *is* really a wonderfully effective preparation. That remedy is an "air-brake" that every man can apply and this fact explains why it has saved so many hundreds of thousands of lives.—*Copyrighted. Used by permission of American Rural Home.*

A TIGER DEFEATED.

IT was in the cold season that a few of the civil and military officers belonging to the station, agreed to make a shooting excursion in the vicinity of Agra; and gave occasion to an animated scene.

A convenient spot had been selected for the tents beneath the spreading branches of a banyan; peacocks glittered in the sun upon the lower boughs, and troops of monkeys grinned and chattered above.

The horses were fastened under the surrounding trees, and there fanned off the insects with their long flowing tails. Within the circle of the camp a lively scene was passing—fires blazed in every quarter, and sundry operations of roasting, boiling, and frying were going on in the open air.

The interior of the tent also presented an animated spectacle, as the servants were putting them in order for the night; they were lighted with lamps, and the walls were hung with chints or tiger-skins, carpets were spread upon the ground, and sofas, surrounded by curtains of transparent gauze (a necessary precaution against insects), became commodious beds.

Polished swords and daggers, silver-mounted pistols and guns, with boar spears, and the gilded bows, arrows, and quivers of native workmanship were scattered around.

The tables were covered with European books and newspapers; so that it was necessary to be continually reminded by some savage object that these temporary abodes were placed in the heart of a wild Indian forest.

The vast number of persons, the noise, bustle, and many fires about the camp, precluded every idea of danger; and the gentlemen of the party, collected together in front of the tents, conversed carelessly with each other, or amused themselves with looking about them.

While thus indolently beguiling the few minutes which had to elapse before they were summoned to dinner, a full-grown tiger, one of the largest size, sprang suddenly into the centre of the group, and bore one away into the woods with a rapidity which defied pursuit.

The loud outcries raised by those persons whose faculties were not entirely paralyzed by terror and consternation only served to increase the tiger's speed.

Though scarcely a moment had elapsed, not a trace of the animal remained, so impenetrable was the thicket through which he had retreated; but notwithstanding the apparent helplessness of the case, no means which human prudence could suggest was untried.

Torches were instantly collected, weapons hastily snatched up, and the whole party rushed into the forest some beating the bush on every side, while others pressed their way through the tangled underwood in a state of anxiety incapable of description.

The victim selected by the tiger was an officer, whose presence of mind and dauntless courage in the midst of this most appalling danger providentially enabled him to meet the exigencies of the situation.

Neither the anguish he endured from the wounds already inflicted, the horrible manner in which he was hurried along through bush and brake, and the prospect so immediately before him of a dreadful death, subdued the firmness of his spirits; and meditating with the utmost coolness, upon the readiest means of effecting his own deliverance, he proceeded cautiously to make the attempt.

He wore a brace of pistols in his belt, and the tiger having seized him by the waist, his arms were consequently at liberty.

Applying his hand to the monster's side, he ascertained the exact position of the heart; then drawing out one of his pistols, he placed the muzzle close to the part and fired.

Perhaps some slight tremor in his own fingers, or a jerk occasioned by the rough road and pace of the animal, caused the ball to miss its aim, and a tighter grip and an accelerated trot alone announced the wound he had received.

A moment of inexpressible anxiety ensued; yet undismayed by the ill-success of his effort, though painfully aware that he now possessed only a single chance for life, the heroic individual prepared with much more careful deliberation to make a fresh attempt.

He felt for the pulsation of the heart a second time; placed his remaining pistol firmly against the vital part, and drew the trigger with a steadier hand and with nicer precision. The jaws suddenly relaxed their grasp, and the tiger dropped dead beneath its burden!

The triumph of the victor, as he surveyed the lifeless body of the animal! was somewhat subdued by the loss of blood and the pain of his wounds.

He was uncertain, too, whether his failing strength would enable him to reach the camp, even if he could be certain of finding his way to it; but his anxiety on this point was speedily ended by the shouts which met his ear, those of his friends searching for him.

He staggered onward in the direction whence the sounds proceeded, and issued from the thicket, covered with blood and exhausted, but free from wounds of a mortal nature.

BUCKLAND.

THE tenets of the Mahdi's religion are very strict. If a married man is guilty of immorality he is put up to his waist in the sand and stoned to death. If he steals his hand is cut off. Singing and lascivious dancing, such as used to be in Khartoum, are put a stop to. Every man must pray five times a day.

Take all in all.

—*Take* all the Kidneys and Liver *Medicines.*

—Take all the *Blood* purifiers,

—Take all the *Dyspepsia* and Indigestion *cures,*

—Take all the *Ague,* Fever and bilious *specifics.*

—Take alll the *Brain* and Nerve force *revives.*

—Take all the *Great* health restorers.

In short, take all the best qualities of all these and the—*best,*

—*Qualities* of all the best medicines in the world, and you will find that—*Hop*

—*Bitters* have the best curative qualities and powers of all—*concentrated* in them,

—And that they will cure when any or all of these, singly or—*combined.* Fail!!!!

—A thorough trial will give positive proof of this.

Hardened Liver.

Five years ago I broke down with kidney and liver complaint and rheumatism.

Since then I have been unable to be about at all. My liver became hard like wood; my limbs were puffed up and filled with water.

All the best physicians agreed that nothing could cure me. I resolved to try Hop Bitters; I have used seven bottles; the hardness has all gone from my liver, the swelling from my limbs, and it has *worked a miracle* in my case; otherwise I would have been now in my grave.

J. W. MORRY, Buffalo, Oct. 1, 1881.

Poverty and Suffering.

"I was dragged down with debt, poverty and suffering for years, caused by a sick family and large bills for doctoring.

I was completely discouraged, until one year ago, by the advice of my pastor, I commenced using Hop Bitters, and in one month we were all well, and none of us have seen a sick day since, and I want to say to all poor men, you can keep your families well a year with Hop bitters for less than one doctor's visit will cost. I know it."

—A WORKINGMAN.

☞None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

MUSIC
FOR ALL!
ONE HUNDRED
Of the Most Popular Songs,
-Music and Words,-
FOR
Ten Cts.

SUCH AN OFFER AS THIS HAS NEVER BEEN MADE BEFORE.

The chance of a life time for Singers, Players, Glee Clubs, etc., to get a splendid lot of the best songs, music and words, published for

ONLY 10 CENTS.

For 10 cents in currency or postage stamps we will send (all charges postpaid)

One Hundred Choice Songs,

music and words, to any address.

DIME MUSIC CO.

726 Sansom Street,

Philadelphia, Pa.

NARR & GERLACH,

BANKERS AND BROKERS,

No. 322 CHESTNUT St., Phila.

Members of the Philadelphia and New York Stock Exchanges. Orders executed by private wire in New York, Boston and Baltimore. Drafts issued on all principal points in the United States and Europe.

PHONETIC SHORTHAND, Osgoodby's Method for Self-Instruction. Price, $1.50. Special Instruction by Mail, $5. Send stamp for Specimen Pages, etc.
W. W. OSGOODBY, Publisher, Rochester, N. Y.

WANTED LADIES AND GENTLEMEN who wish to make $3 to $4 a day easily at their own homes. Work sent by mail. No canvassing. Address with stamp Crown M'f'g. Co., 232 Vine St., Cin'ti, O.

MAID OR WIDOW?

THE following true story, the incidents in which occurred many years ago, is very well worth repeating, and would certainly furnish matter for a comedy, if, indeed, it has not already been utilized for that purpose :—

Miss Harriet Sellwood was the richest heiress in her native town : but she had already completed her thirty-seventh year, and beheld almost all her young friends united to men whom she had at one time or the other discarded. Harriet began to be set down for an old maid. Her parents became really uneasy, and she herself lamented in private a position which is not a natural one, and to which those to whom nature and fortune have been niggardly of their gifts are obliged to submit ; but Harriet was both handsome and rich. Such was the state of things when her uncle, a wealthy merchant, came on a visit to her parents. He was a jovial, lively, straight-forward man, accustomed to attack all difficulties boldly and coolly.

"You see," said her father to him one day, "the girl is handsome ; what she is to have for her fortune you know ; even in this scandal-loving town not a creature can breathe the slightest imputation against her ; and yet she is getting to be an old maid."

"True," replied the uncle ; "but look you, brother, the grand point in every affair of this world is to seize the right moment ; this you have not done—it is a misfortune ; but let the girl go with me, and before the end of three months I will return her to you as the wife of a man as young and as wealthy as herself."

Away went the niece with the uncle. On the way home he addressed her :—"Mind what I am go'ng to say. You are no longer Miss Sellwood, but Mrs. Lumley, my niece, a young, wealthy, childless widow : you had the misfortune to lose your husband, Colonel Lumley, after a happy union of a quarter of a year, by a fall from his horse while hunting." "But uncle —" "Let me manage, if you please, Mrs. Lumley. Your father has invested me with full powers. Here, look you, is the wedding-ring given you by your late husband. Jewels, and whatever else you need, your aunt will supply you with."

The keen-witted uncle introduced his niece everywhere, and the young widow excited a great sensation. The gentlemen thronged about her, and she soon had her choice out of twenty suitors or so.

Her uncle advised her to take the one who was deepest in love with her, and rare chance decreed that this was precisley the most amiable and opulent. The match was soon concluded, and one day the uncle desired to say a few words to his future nephew in private.

"My dear sir," he began, "we have told you an untruth."

"How, sir. Are Mrs. Lumley's affections —?"

"Nothing of the kind. My niece is sincerely attached to you."

"Then her fortune, I suppose, is not equal to what you told me ?"

"On the contrary, it is larger."

"Well, what is the matter then ?"

"A joke, an innocent joke, which came into my head one day when I was in a good humor—we could not well recall it afterwards ; my niece is not a widow."

"What, is Colonel Lumely living ?"

"No, no !—she is a spinster."

The lover protested that he was a happier fellow than he had conceived himself, and the old maid was forwith metamorphosed into a young wife.

LITTLE AND BIG.—A large hawk swooped down on a poultry yard near Youngsville, New York, and, seizing a hen, flew with it to the top of a neighboring tree. The hen made a great outcry, and before the hawk could kill it a swallow made a dash at the hawk and pecked and worried it so that it released the hen and attempted to fly away. The hen fluttered to the ground and ran back to the poultry yard. The swallow keeping up its attacks on the hawk, was soon joined by other swallows. The courageous little birds surrounded the hawk, and assailed it fiercely, until the big bird dropped to the ground. The farmer, on whose ground the conflict took place, hurried to the spot. The swallows had the hawk on the ground and were pecking it mercilessly. They were so much engaged in the attack that the farmer walked within three feet of them before they discovered him and flew away. The farmer picked up the hawk. Both of its eyes had been put out, and it was so badly hurt in other ways that it died in a few minutes.

"THE DEAD WINE."—The making of cheese is a very important occupation in Switzerland, where the riches of a man are estimated according to the number of cheeses he possesses. A strange custom in the Valais is to make a cheese when a child is born, which is left untouched during his lifetime, and is often cut into for the first time at his funeral feast. A rich man stores up wine as well as cheese for his own funeral, and when that event takes place a goblet of this "dead wine" as it is called, is placed on the coffin, the mourners approach, take the goblet in their hand, touch the coffin with it, and drink the contents to a future meeting with their departed friend.

A SMALL boy went to see his grandmother. After looking eagerly round the handsomely-furnished room where she sat, he exclaimed, inquiringly, "Oh, grandmamma! where is the miserable table papa says you keep?"

OF GREAT MEN.

SUETONIUS, the Roman writer said that, during the winter, Augustus would wear four tunics beneath a thick toga ; to these were added a shirt and a woolen undergarment ; his limbs also were as carefully protected. In summer he would sleep with both doors and windows open, and frequently under the peristyle of his palace, where jets of fresh water refreshed the air, and where, moreover, was posted a slave whose duty it was to fan him. He could not endure the sun—not even the winter sun—and he never walked abroad without a broad-brimmed hat on his head.

Ferdinand II., Grand Duke of Tuscany, who died in 1670, says the Abbe Arnauld, in his "Memoirs," was the slave of his health. "I have frequently seen him pacing up and down his room between two large thermometers, on which his eyes were constantly fixed, unceasingly employed in taking off and putting on a variety of skull-caps of different degrees of warmth, of which he had always five or six in his hand according to the different degrees of heat or cold."

The Abbe de St. Martin, who, in the seventeenth century, rendered himself so ridiculous with his pretensions and his mania, always wore nine skull-caps upon his head to keep off the cold, with a wig over all, which by the way, was always awry and dishevelled, so that his face never appeared to be in its natural position. In addition to his nine skull-caps he wore also nine pairs of stockings. His bed was made of bricks, underneath which was built a furnace, so constructed as to impart the precise degree of heat he might require. This bed had a very small opening, through which the Abbe used to creep when he retired at night.

Fourier, the learned French mathematician, had returned from Egypt a martyr to rheumatism, and with a constant sensation of cold ; he suffered dreadfully whenever exposed to an atmosphere lower than 85°. A servant followed him everywhere with a mantle in readiness for any sudden change of temperature. During the latter years of his life, exhausted by an asthma from which he had been a sufferer from his youth, he kept himself, for the purpose of writing and speaking to his friends, enclosed in a species of box, which permitted no deviation of the body, and left at liberty only his head and hands.

Donatello, the Florentine sculptor, who died in 1466, among other singularities, had the habit of keeping his money in a basket which hung from a nail in the wall of his room. Into this basket his workmen and friends used to dip at discretion.

Beethoven had two imperious habits by which he was constantly swayed—that of moving his lodgings, and that of walking. Scarcely was he installed in an apartment ere he would discover some fault in it, and commence looking out for another. Every day, after dinner, despite rain, wind, hail, or snow, he would issue forth on foot, and take a long and fatiguing walk.

Shelley, the poet, took great pleasure in making paper boats and floating them on the water. So long as his paper lasted he remained riveted to the spot, fascinated by this peculiar amusement. When all waste paper was used up, covers of letters were next used, then letters of little value, and then the fly-leaves of any volume he happened to have with him.

It is said that once, when on the north bank of the Serpentine river, he found himself without materials for indulging in his favorite amusement, he having exhausted his supplies on the round pond in Kensington Gardens. Not a single scrap of paper could be found, save only a banknote for $250. He hesitated long, but yielded at last. He twisted the note into the form of a boat, with the extreme refinement of his skill, and committed it dexterously to fortune, watching its progress, if possible, with more anxiety than usual. The north-east wind gently wafted the costly skiff to the south bank, where, during the latter part of the voyage, the venturous owner had awaited its arrival with patient solicitude.

Socrates did not blush to play with children ; Tycho Brahe diverted himself by polishing glasses for all kinds of spectacles. Balzac amused himself with a collection of crayon portraits ; Politian in singing airs to his lute. When Petavius was employed in his "Dogmata Theologica," a work of extreme erudition, his great recreation was, at the end of every second hour, to twirl his chair for five minutes. Dr. Samuel Clarke used to amuse himself by jumping over chairs and tables ; Dean Swift exercised himself by running up and down the steps of the deanery, and even in his latter days, when his constitution was almost broken down, he was, according to Dr. Johnson, on his legs about ten hours of the day.

IN a country choir, during the sermon, one of the quartet fell asleep. "Now's your chants !" said the organist to the soprano. "See if you canticle the tenor." "You wouldn't dare duet," said the contralto. "You'll wake hymn up," suggested the bass. "I could make a better pun than that, as sure as my name's Psalm !" remarked the boy that blew the bellows, but he said it solo that no one quartet.

IT is a poor wit who lives by borrowing the words, decisions, mien, inventions, and actions of others.

IF your hair is getting thin, the application of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer will promote a thick new growth.

Humorous.

THE SONG OF THE HEN.

A minstrel am I of a single lay,
  But I sing it the whole day long ;
In the crowded coop or the breezy way
  I warble my simple song.

Only an egg, with its clear white shell,
  The sea hath no pearl more fair—
And over that spheroid I cackle and yell,
  And hallon and wrestle and rear.

Oh, a frail, weak thing is my ovate gem,
  As it lies in my straw-lined nest ;
But it raketh the orator stern and stem
  When it catcheth him on the crest.

There is might in its weakness, and, when it goes
  Down the afternoon of life,
It can lead a strong man by the nose,
  When it mixeth itself in the strife.

I am no sluggard : the hawk that swoops
  Must hunt for me under the thatch,
And yet in the field or the noisy crops
  I always come up to the scratch.

So I sing the only lay that I know,
  In numbers becoming meek,
Because, though "my son never sets," I know
  That my life may be ended quick's I speak.

—R. J. BURDETTE.

An epitaph for a boatman—Life is oar.

A call to arms—"Here, Fred, take the baby."

Sign of good breeding—Getting the prize at a dog-show.

Native : "Well, how do you like our town ?" Visitor : "Very nice place. Just consider—there are twenty-two trains on which one can leave daily?"

Time is always represented carrying a scythe, and we suppose he will continue to carry this primitive agricultural implement until time shall be no mower.

While medical students are being harshly condemned for robbing graves, it is forgotten that students intend to fill them up again when they go into practice.

A scientific writer has published an elaborate article on "The Fuel of the Future." It used to be considered settled that the fuel of the future is chiefly brimstone.

A well-known pianist says : "Musicians were born, not made." That is very true. If they were only made, we wouldn't make so many of them ; we could shut the mills down every once in a while.

Father, angrily : "You have been in the water—you were fishing !" Son : "Yes, I was in the water ; but I got a boy out who might have been drowned." Father : "Indeed ! Who was it?" Son : "Myself !"

A Gascon nobleman has been reproaching his son for impatience. "I owe you nothing," said the unfilial young man. "So far from having served me," he continued, "you have ever stood in my way ; for if you had never been born, I should at this moment be the next heir of my rich old grandmother.

"Smith, why don't you get your diamonds insured ?" said Jones. "Where can I do that ?" innocently asked Smith. "At the United States Plate Glass Insurance Company, of course," replied Jones, and a coldness has grown up between them.

According to the eternal fitness of things negroes should drive coal carts, cross-eyed men should be detectives, sour old maids should run pickle factories, deaf mutes should be barbers, and go-head boys should be districts messengers. But somehow it is otherwise ordered.

A Liberal Offer.

The finest Fashion Quarterly in the country, comprehending reliable information concerning styles, fabrics and fancies in current vogue, hints to home decorators, together with samples of dress goods, system of measurement, price list, circular of latest styles, references and other data, will be forwarded for one year on receipt of FIFTY CENTS (50c.) to cover mailing expenses. Send orders to "MANAGER," Press Exchange, P. O. Box 253, New York City ; or, 74 Kearney St., Newark, N. J. Circulars and correspondence without charge.

HUMPHREYS'

Manual of all Diseases,
By DR. HUMPHREYS, M. D.
HIGHLY BOUND IN
CLOTH and GOLD
Mailed Free.

LIST OF PRINCIPAL NOS.	CURES.	PRICE.
1	Fevers, Congestion, Inflammations...	.25
2	Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic....	.25
3	Crying Colic, or Teething of Infants.	.25
4	Diarrhea of Children or Adults.....	.25
5	Dysentery, Griping, Bilious Colic....	.25
6	Cholera Morbus, Vomiting.....	.25
7	Coughs, Cold, Bronchitis.....	.25
8	Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache.....	.25
9	Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo..	.25

HOMEOPATHIC

10	Dyspepsia, Bilious Stomach.....	.25
11	Suppressed or Painful Periods.....	.25
12	Whites, too Profuse Periods.....	.25
13	Croup, Cough, Difficult Breathing....	.25
14	Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions..	.25
15	Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains.....	.25
16	Fever and Ague, Chills, Malaria.....	.50
17	Piles, Blind or Bleeding.....	.50
19	Catarrh, Influenza, Cold in the Head.	.50
20	Whooping Cough, Violent Coughs...	.50
24	General Debility, Physical Weakness	.50
27	Kidney Disease.....	.50
28	Nervous Debility.....	1.00
30	Urinary Weakness, Wetting Bed.....	.50
32	Diseases of the Heart, Palpitation..	1.00

SPECIFICS.

Sold by Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.—HUMPHREYS' MEDICINE CO., 109 Fulton St. N. Y.

60 CHROMO CARDS 10c., 12 Hidden Name Cards, 10c. G. I. REED & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

THE BEST

boon ever bestowed upon man is perfect health, and the true way to insure health is to purify your blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Mrs. Eliza A. Clough, 34 Arlington st., Lowell, Mass., writes: "Every winter and spring my family, including myself, use several bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Experience has convinced me that, as a powerful

Blood

purifier, it is very much superior to any other preparation of Sarsaparilla. All persons of scrofulous or consumptive tendencies, and especially delicate children, are sure to be greatly benefited by its use." J. W. Starr, Laconia, Iowa, writes: "For years I was troubled with Scrofulous complaints. I tried several different preparations, which did me little, if any, good. Two bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla effected a complete cure. It is my opinion that this medicine is the best blood

Purifier

of the day." C. E. Upton, Nashua, N. H., writes: "For a number of years I was troubled with a humor in my eyes, and unable to obtain relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I have taken several bottles, am greatly benefited, and believe it to be the best of blood purifiers." R. Harris, Creel City, Ramsey Co., Dakota, writes: "I have been an intense sufferer, with Dyspepsia, for the past three years. Six months ago I began to use

AYER'S
Sarsaparilla

It has effected an entire cure, and I am now as well as ever."

Sold by all Druggists.
Price $1 ; Six bottles, $5.
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

R. DOLLARD,
513
CHESTNUT ST.,
Philadelphia.
Premier Artist
IN HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated **GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.**

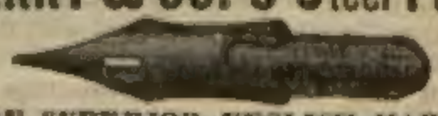
Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy :

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

PERRY & CO.'S Steel Pens.



OF SUPERIOR ENGLISH MAKE.

Sample card, 24 different styles of Pens, will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of 25 cts. Postage stamps received.
IVISON, BLAKEMAN, TAYLOR, & CO.
SOLE AGENTS, 138 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

TO EMBROIDER
CRAZY QUILTS,

Get BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG'S factory ends, called Waste Embroidery. Forty cents will buy one ounce, which would cost One Dollar in Skeins. All good silk and beautiful colors. Designs for 100 styles of Crazy Stitches inclosed in each package. Send 40 cents in stamps or postal note to **THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG CO.**, 823 Market St., Phila., Pa.

HIRES' Improved Root Beer. Packages, 25c. Makes 5 gallons of a delicious, sparkling and wholesome beverage. Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of 25c. C. E. HIRES, 48 N. Del. Ave., Phila., Pa.

PHONOGRAPHY or Phonetic Short-Hand. Catalogue of works by Benn Pitman and Jerome B. Howard, with alphabet and illustrations for beginners sent on application. Address : PHONOGRAPHIC INSTITUTE, Cincinnati, Ohio.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

CANVASSERS wanted. People's Encyclopædia. Send 25 cents for outfit at once. H. M. BROCKSTEDT, 113 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo.

100 Fine Cards and Scrap Pictures and elegant finger Ring 10c. Clinton Bros., Clintonville, Ct.

70 New Scrap Pictures and 12 Hidden Name Cards, 10c. Sample Book 5c. L. Jones & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

Latest Fashion Phases.

The present fashions offer every kind of facility for practising economy in dress; costumes which may be considered thoroughly successful can be arranged from half-worn dresses, and several varieties of material may be introduced into one costume, without any fear of spoiling it by a piecemeal effect.

Jacket bodices, for instance, are very fashionable, and are almost always in a different color from the skirt, which again may be made of two materials and in two different colors.

The jacket that has been worn with one skirt may be altered in style, or renovated by a few novelties in the details of its make or ornamentation, so that it will scarcely be recognised again in its new form. If it is fastened all down the front it may be opened at the top or at the edge; the open top can be finished off with a deep collar widely opened over a plastron, or with a collar and revers made of velvet or velveteen, or of thick ribbed silk in black or colors. If, on the contrary, the jacket is opened at the edge by turning the fronts under below the waist, the space left may be filled in with a flat waistcoat of plain or ribbed velvet, or with a bouillonne plastron of plain or embroidered silk. Sometimes the waistcoat is made of the same material as the skirt, and simulates a pointed corsage under the jacket. Without opening the jacket its appearance may be entirely altered by trimming it with wide braid, or with several rows of narrow braid placed close together, simulating a deep sailor collar or a plastron.

If the jacket is semi-fitting, or large from having been worn over a dress bodice, the seams may be tightened, and the edge cut like a pointed bodice; or again, the basque may be cut in tabs, which, when lined and piped with another material, are turned under and form a series of loops.

Jackets of plain and broche velvet, of velveteen, silk and cloth materials, which have been worn through the spring as outdoor vestments, may be altered in this way for outdoor or indoor wear during the summer.

Very elegant jackets are made of etamine covered with dots of chenille, corresponding in color with the lining of the vetement, which is almost always of silk, as this material assists the wearer in slipping it on and off, but a fine woollen lining is occasionally used where expense is an object. The trimming is usually of colored lace.

But, besides the etamine and lace jackets, so fashionable for the extreme heat of summer, and worn by those who will not be seen out of doors without some garment, however light jackets are to be seen of all the new summer cloths, and present an endless variety of styles. Jackets are closed at the back, and float away from the figure, displaying a plain or fancy cloth waistcoat, or one enriched with Oriental embroidery. Then there is the Cavalier jacket, fitting tightly both back and front, and frequently worn without a corsage beneath.

Another type fits closely at the back, while the fronts are loose and buttoned on one side, or double breasted, or buttoned from neck to edge crossways in a sharp bias line. Every kind of vigogne and fancy cloth is employed, and even rich, self-colored silks are used for these stylish vetements. Among pretty striped fancy cloths is an elegant grisaille, which is bordered with black. For the seaside colored cloths will be used, or soft tints with colored trimmings. In short, any and every kind of jackets can be worn.

Extremely dressy toilettes, visites, jackets, and mantels of all shapes are made of the shot-lead beads and of wooden beads, embroidered in broche patterns upon silk. These shot-lead beads are seen upon bonnets and parasols, and are also employed as dress trimmings and for waistcoats. This class of bead embroidery is very original, and rich in appearance.

The bodices of evening dresses are made out of very small fragments of material; the sleeves are made of lace, or of any other thin gauze-like fabric, and the bodice (if low-necked) may be completed by a chemisette of the same material as the sleeves, high to the throat, and gathered into a velvet collar band.

The plastrons, waistcoats, collars, square and rounded yokes, one or the other of which details is seen on nearly every corsage, are all made of small pieces, and are invariably different from the remainder of the corsage. One of the new styles of bodice seems to have been devised on purpose to make use of a number of fragments of different materials; the bodice is pointed back and front, and very short over the hips; a long V-shaped plastron in another fabric ornaments the front and back, and is let in under the material of the bodice. The sleeves match the bodice or the plastron. A bodice that is a little too tight may be easily enlarged in this way, and as the mixture of silk and woolen materials is exceedingly fashionable, no modes could be more convenient and economical than these alterations.

The amount of material that used to be put into a pleated skirt now suffices almost for a costume, at any rate enough material may be found in a double box-pleated skirt to make a new foundation skirt and the tunic over it.

The material must, of course, be first unpicked and carefully cleaned, and it is always worth while to send it to a good dyer for this purpose, as home cleaning does not restore a fabric in the same way as the cleaning and pressing of a professional cleaner and dyer. The new underskirt is plain, and the overskirt or tunic is also plain, the same length as the underskirt, and draped or opened on one side only.

In these renovations, a very small quantity of very good material may be made to give a splendid effect. If the tunic is opened from the top to the edge on one side, the foundation skirt under this opening is covered with velvet to match, a very small piece being quite sufficient for this purpose, as the opening is always narrow, and the velvet shown on no other part, and is therefore not needed elsewhere. If the tunic is draped in mediæval style on the left hip, showing the lower part of the underskirt on the left side, then this part only is covered with the velvet.

Polonaises will also bear a good deal of transformation. The back breadths may be removed to make room for the puff on the underskirt, and the fronts can be opened and turned back in large revers, covered with some other material that looks like a superb and costly lining; these revers are plain, striped, or broche material, the cuffs and collars being also of the same.

It is odd to notice how, even in dress, there is a certain balance of power, and during the last fortnight, when all the handsomest dresses which have been prepared for this season have appeared for the first time in public on their wearers, it has struck me curiously that, whilst the prevailing taste for the most exquisite but expensive brocades in gold and silver, and even in seed-pearl embroidery, give no scope for economy in the dresses of those elders who aspire to fashion, there is a marked tendency to reduce the amount which it is necessary to spend upon girls, in order to make the best of their fair young freshness. Net is much used now, also tulle, whilst, raising in the scale of expense, gauze and crepe form the chief and most fashionable materials for this season's ball gowns. A young lady is well dressed now is she has a full treble net skirt, whose sole trimming consists of either one large sash, or else a judicious arrangement of long narrow bows and ends on the skirt; and a silk, plush, or moire bodice will last out many of these. White is more than ever the fashion this year, but in Paris there is a return to yellow, and all the shades of this becoming color are being used there for evening wear. Moires, too, are again the fashion, and one large *French* firm has for some months past been buying up all the surplus stock of this material, which taste had turned against; so I suppose it will reintroduce it here, and I certainly think its harshness compares unfavorably with the charming new soft silks.

One of the prettiest dresses I have yet seen was a combination of plain and brocaded white wool canvas, the underskirt being in long folds of the plain with fans of the brocade let in, whilst the drapery, which was long, was of the brocade trimmed with the fashionable guipure de laine; a large watered silk sash completed this costume, which the softness of the material rendered particularly attractive. And another costume for an older person in rich tabac canvas, also trimmed with guipure to match, was very effective. Those who once discover that these new materials combine the desirable ends of allowing you to look summery and feel warm on a cold day, will know what an invaluable aid to health fashion has found this year.

Domestic Economy.

ABOUT BAGS.—[CONTINUED.]

Small cases in the shape of a large envelope are by no means to be despised, and they have the advantage of taking less material than those already mentioned. A cord and tassels or stitched band to match the rest of the case, should be fastened across the top to serve as a handle.

If a form of bag is desired that will hold a great deal, the four-sided shape will answer the purpose admirably. Four oblong pieces of material are required, which must be joined down the sides, the lower edge being cut either circular or pointed. These bags made of flowery-bowery sateen, or of muslin over pink lining, form very convenient brush and comb bags, as they will easily contain two or three brushes, combs, etc.

Bags with a circular base are smart-looking and pretty. A circle of material must be cut, which measures about nine inches in diameter, and round this must be joined a straight piece of satin or velvet edged with lace. A runner for a draw-string should be stitched along just below the join of the lace and the bag. Sometimes the circular base of these work-bags is made of silk over a cardboard foundation, and if the cardboard is used double—that is, two pieces covered and sewn together round the edge—it will serve as a very useful pin-cushion.

A lidless cardboard box, measuring about three or four inches deep by eight inches long and six inches wide, can be converted into a handy bag by covering it carefully with plush, lining it with silk, and then joining to the top of it a piece of silk about eight inches deep. The top of this piece of silk must be finished off as in an ordinary bag, and drawn up with ribbons.

For those who travel and do not use boot-trees, small neat cases for holding the necessary boots and shoes are useful, and save much trouble when moving from place to place. These should be simple bags, without either draw-string or frill, and should be just large enough to hold a single boot easily. Brown holland is a serviceable material to make them of, as it will bear a great deal of use and washing. It is better not to have the cases decorated with embroidery, or work, but this must, of course, be decided by individual taste.

A more elaborate case may be made of brown holland bound with scarlet braid, in the shape of a large envelope, so that it is spacious enough to hold a pair of boots side by side if they are slipped in lengthways. A stitching should be made up the centre, thus forming two compartments. A handle of braid at the back is useful, if the case is to be hung up, as frequently when on shipboard it is convenient to have some such contrivance for holding boots and shoes. If it is found that these cases will not hang flatly against the wall, four loops of braid should be sewn on at the top and at the bottom, through which a lath may be passed, similar to those used for the short muslin blinds. This will steady the bag and keep it in shape, besides preventing it from curling. If intended to hold several pairs of boots and shoes, the bag may be made with more than two compartments, and the front folds may have a box-pleat in the centre of each division, so as to give more space.

Gardening bags find favor amongst ladies who have a turn for horticulture. They are very simple and easy to make. A piece of material should be cut eighteen inches long and twelve inches wide. Ten inches of the lower part should be turned up, and when sewn down the sides this forms a bag ten inches deep. It must be neatly bound all round, and a band added to go round the waist. The top of this pouch would have a better appearance if it were to be rounded. The band should be rather larger than the waist, so that the pouch rests on the hip. The band should be two inches wide and trimmed with braid to match the rest.

Bags intended to hold tennis balls may be made in this manner: Cut a square of stout brown holland measuring nine inches, and four pieces for the sides of the bag, each measuring twelve inches long by nine inches wide. They must be sewn together strongly round the square and down the sides. Here there must be a double row of stitching, wide enough to enable a piece of steel or stick to be run down, so as to make the whole thing stand up. Two straps must be added from side to side to act as handles; they should be fastened together in the middle with a rosette of braid, and the bag itself would be improved by the addition of rosettes of braid at each side.

I have lately seen a most charming bag made of twine, and intended for carrying a bathing-gown, either when it is dry or wet.

The bag was made very simply of a broad piece of macrame lace, about twelve inches deep. The lower edge of this lace was straight, not in vandykes, as so many of the patterns are, and a fringe of about three inches in length was left at the bottom. The lace was joined down the side and at the bottom, so as to form a simple bag. Across the top were fastened two handles made by plaiting six or eight strands of the twine together, and the place where they were fastened to the bag was concealed by little bunches of tassels, made of the same twine. Rather coarse twine was used for this bag, and an open pattern chosen, so as to allow the water to drip through freely. Sponge bags, on the same principle, may be easily contrived to hang to a washstand, except, that through the upper row of holes must be passed a piece of cane to keep the top of the bag circular and stiff, while the lower edges must be drawn up into a point, and finished with a large tassel.

THE CAUL.—An amulet which has its believers even in the present day, is the caul. It is by no means an uncommon thing to see one advertised for sale. Children born with one are supposed to turn out fortunate, as are also the purchasers. It is believed to make the possessor eloquent, and is considered a certain protection against drowning. Sir John Offley, of Madeley Manor, Staffordshire—whose will was proved at Doctors' Commons in 1658—devised a caul—which had covered him when born—set in jewels to his daughter, thereafter to her son. The caul was not to be concealed, or sold out of the family.

Confidential Correspondents.

K. G.—The way that an author introduces himself to the notice of the editor of a periodical to which he desires to contribute, is by submitting an article for his approval.

YORK.—Mackinaw hats are so called because the straw from which they are made—a coarse stalk, but desirable in color and quality—is grown in Mackinaw region of Michigan.

F. W.—Engines not only can, but do daily pick up water as they travel. There are several places where this is done. The engine-driver lowers a scoop, up which the water rushes, into a shallow trough placed between the rails.

EMMA.—The dark geranium typifies "melancholy" in the language of flowers; the nutmeg geranium means "an unexpected meeting;" the pink geranium "preference;" the scarlet geranium "comforting;" and the silver-leaved geranium "recall."

H. C. J.—The memory can as easily be trained as the mind and body. One method is to see that impressions are properly registered, that is, will them to become part of the brain. Another is to be careful and not register impressions that are valueless. Forgetfulness is essential to remembering.

VICTOR.—Yours is not by any means a rare case. There are many young men who feel the conviction that they possess certain talents which only require the proper development in order to enable them to rise in the world. But patrons in such cases are seldom to be found. Study, and wait your opportunity.

B. C. D.—We can give you no other advice than to set yourself right in the opinion of the young lady as soon as you can, and if you have really been maligned, and if she will not admit the proofs of your innocence which you may seek to afford her, she can scarcely be worthy of your affection, and the loss of her love should not be allowed to inspire you with regret.

BAD OMEN.—We do not believe in omens of any kind. The loss of the pearl from your engagement ring can have no more effect on your future happiness than the loss of a thimble could. Tell your lover about it, of course. The "friends" who have so kindly filled your imagination with superstitious terrors about the "bad omen," etc., ought to be ashamed of themselves.

VIVA.—If you regret that you offended your friend, why not tell him so? There is no shame in magnanimously confessing a fault, but much in palliating and excusing it when self-condemned. Do what is right in such respects, though you should stand alone in doing it. The disapproval of one's conscience can never be silenced by the extenuating tongues of those about us, who would flatter our self-love into continuance in wrong-doing.

GRIPS.—When nails were made by hand they were graded; 1000 to four pounds; 1000 to eight pounds; 1000 to ten pounds. Penny came from pound; hence the name, four, eight and ten-penny nails. 2. In the old English play, "A Bold Stroke for a Wife," a bad character is about to be wedded to the heroine, when a good man appears and the former is thrown overboard. The good man's name was Mr. Simon Pure. From this came the expression.

ELD.—It is impossible to say what you may be fit for, but, certainly, any lad who can teach himself in the intervals of farm work deserves to get on. Your writing and spelling are hardly yet up to the mark which would fit you for anything but manual labor, but persevere by all means. Anyone who can get as far as you have done in the way of self-education can get a great deal farther, and in the meantime be content with doing your best, and striving still to prepare yourself for something better.

C. P.—If a gentleman and lady exchange portraits, it certainly must be regarded as a significant incident; but if no positive engagement has been entered into, no proposal made, and no question of marriage propounded, there could be no action brought for "breach of promise." We may observe that it would be very foolish for two persons to exchange portraits when no serious meaning was attached to the incident; and the young lady in such a case would be guilty of great indiscretion and imprudence. She ought only to accept the portrait of the gentleman when formally engaged to him.

ALADDIN.—Rose diamonds have a flat base, above which are two rows of triangular facets, the six uppermost uniting in a point. Rose diamonds are made of those stones which are too broad in proportion to their depth to be cut as brilliants. Diamonds are commonly colorless and clear, but sometimes, from foreign admixture, they are colored. The color of garnets is various, generally some shade of red, brown, black, green, or yellow. Colorless and white specimens also occur. Opals are usually of a bluish or yellowish white color, yellow by transmitted light, and exhibit a beautiful play of brilliant colors, owing to minute fissures which refract the light. Gems are of various colors.

MISERABLE.—Your doubts and fears are indeed very unhappy ones. We sympathise with you most sincerely. The difficulties you dwell upon are by no means new; they have struck thousands before you, and will strike thousands more when you and we are at rest forever. They amount in the end to the old insoluble question. How are we to reconcile God's omnipotence and God's omniscience with God's benevolence? Nobody has ever practically succeeded in solving this fundamental and insoluble mystery. You will find it already keenly debated at the very dawn of history in the book of Job; and we recommend you to read through that book at a single sitting, trying to follow its argument throughout, if you wish to have your doubts answered as the sacred writer has himself answered them.

VALE.—Dr. Guillotin was not the inventor of the guillotine. For some time previous to the French Revolution he, as a philanthropist, worked for the amelioration of the pains and penalties of the law, so as to deprive them of their former barbarous character, and an eloquent speech of his in the National Assembly in 1789 brought forth the decree that all punishments should be for the future alike for the same crime, without consideration of any one's rank. A few months after another law was passed abolishing the gallows and instituting decapitation. Charles Henry Sanson, the all-important executioner—the executioner of those days was always a gentleman holding a very lucrative position—a man of superior education, but not great muscular strength, trembled at the idea of using the sword instead of the simpler rope, and implored Dr. Guillotin either to retain the latter form of execution or to adopt some still older machinery for inflicting death which he did.